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# Standard

Published by

Class of 1884



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## To the Class of '84.

---

Another Commencement Day has come and gone; another league in our life's journey has been accomplished, and to-day we stand at the point where our paths separate. Ours has been a pleasant journey while it has lasted, and we do not say "Good bye" to friends and classmates, we do not bid farewell to familiar scenes and accustomed duties, without feelings of genuine regret. Deep down in the heart of every man there is a feeling of sadness when he remembers that the college days of the class of '84 are over. We have stood shoulder to shoulder through months of hard work; we have conquered and overcome many difficulties. Our work has not been in vain and the reward of our labor is substantial and satisfactory. And as we to-day for the last time call our class-roll, we notice that many who started with us in the race have not finished, but this only makes the bond stronger between those of us who are left.

To the greater part of our number Worcester has been a temporary home; many of us have come from the far West or the far South; but we one and all feel that in saying farewell to the people of Worcester we are taking leave of old friends. Our best wishes go

with these friends, and we hope that in the time to come they may continue to make it as pleasant for those who follow as it has been for us. The kindness and liberality of many of those who have our best interests at heart, as exhibited so often of late in the most substantial manner, are better appreciated by us than they perhaps realize.

But it is to the individual members of the Faculty, more than to all others, that whatever of success we may have attained is due. Day by day, hour by hour, they have guided, controlled and directed our energies, at all times conscientious in the performance of their duties and at all times evincing a willingness to do all in their power to aid us in our work.

It is with these feelings and under these circumstances that we publish this souvenir of our college life; and as the years roll by and we live over again in memory the scenes of these by-gone college days, there will be an untold pleasure in the reminiscences which this book will call up. We assure the class that on the part of the editors all has been done in a friendly and impartial spirit, and we have intended to treat each man alike. Sometimes the allusions may seem too pointed, but we must remember that were they not characteristic and natural the circumstances would lose their charm. Our errors are manifold and our faults are glaring, but the limited time which we

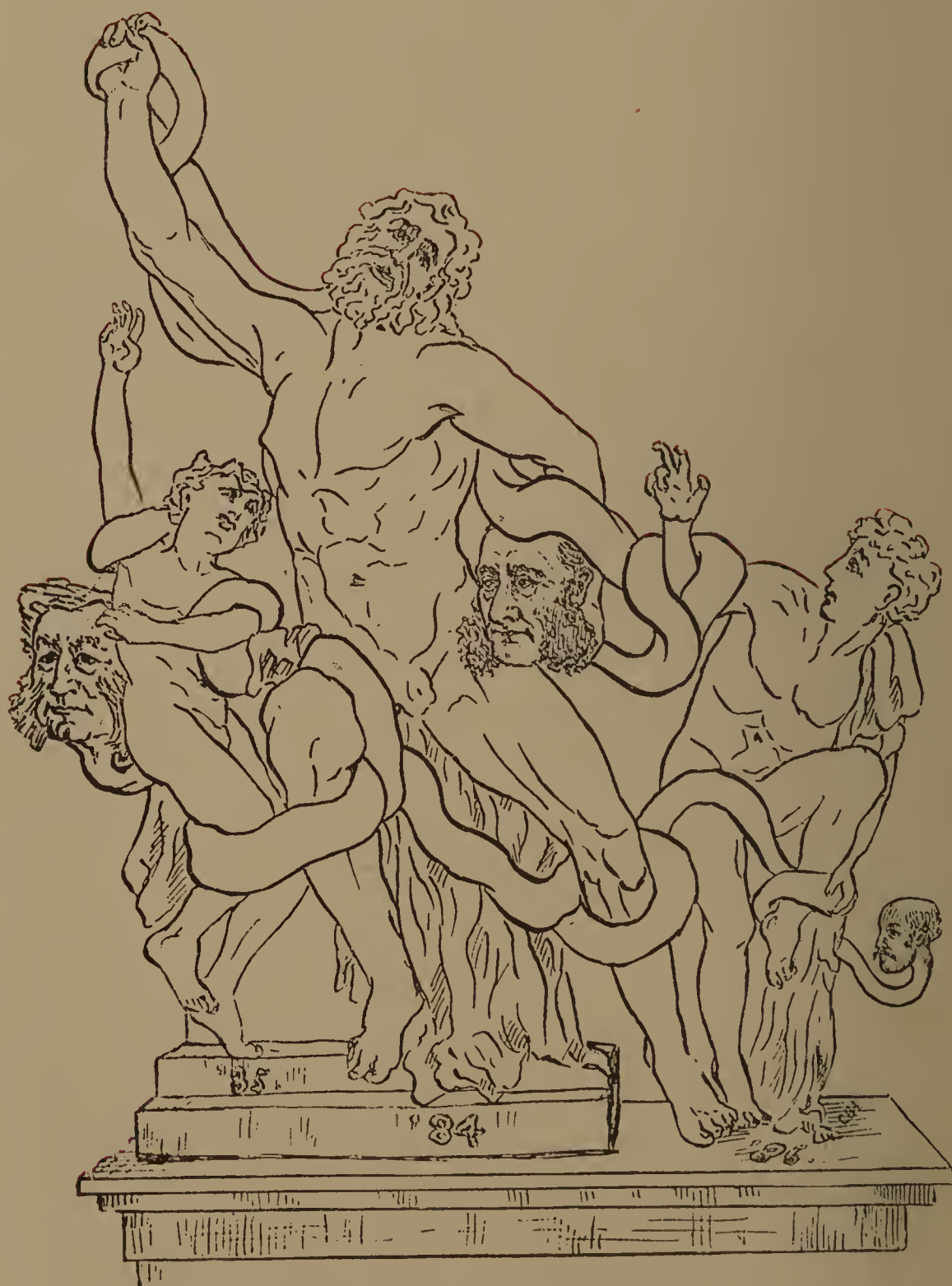


could take from our regular work, and the other disadvantages under which we labored, is our excuse. We hope that you will "censure us in your wisdom," and if in time to come this little book will make an idle hour pass the quicker, we shall feel amply repaid for what time and labor we have expended upon it.

Today we begin our life-work in earnest, and we hope that this little book will be a pleasant reminder of the days that are past. We have written our last examination; we have attended our last recitation; our college days are over. We have turned those pages except to memory, and opened others imprinted with the illuminated text of future ambition. Will we read these pages aright? Time alone can tell. To-day we stand where the road branches; some of us go to the right, some to the left, but ere we part let us for the last time extend to one another the right hand of friendship and wish one another "God speed" on the journey of life.

"The ways they are many and wide,  
And seldom are two ways the same. Side by side  
May we stand at the same little door when all's done;  
The ways they are many, the end it is one."

— *Editor.*



## Class History.

---

If you'll give me leave, we'll now explore  
The deeds and doings of '84.  
On the eighth of February, '81,  
The "second half" had just begun;  
There were gathered around in O. M.'s dive,  
To the number of just a dozen and five,  
A group of fellows in overalls new  
All of a uniform indigo blue.

Every man of this new "Prep" class  
Partook of the color of growing grass;  
Now green is made in many a hue,  
By a varied mixture of yellow and blue.  
So in this group, on a careful view  
Of every one of this motley crew,  
Many a varied tint was seen,  
From "Wan" pale yellow to verdant "Green."

Five weary months went slowly by,  
While they butchered wood under O. M.'s eye.  
'Twas little they worked, and less they learned;  
For, as often as O. M.'s back was turned,  
Both work and tools were quickly spurned  
To engage in the sports for which they yearned;  
And the glass that fell at every blow  
Showed that "Thompy" was "on the throw."

When these five months had gone at last,  
And the short vacation had quickly passed,  
They gathered again just as before;  
But, with them now were a number more,  
Who'd squeezed through examination's door  
To swell the ranks of '84.  
Forty-eight strong they stood there then,  
Thirty-one boys and seventeen men.



And now began the daily grind  
Of "Comfort" and "Chanvenet" combined,  
Free-hand drawing from two till four,  
And Practice each week ten hours more;  
And every day when work was o'er,  
Came the regular daily chapel bore.  
The only thing that relieved us much  
Was learning to swear in good, strong Dutch.

Nor did we shine in class-room alone;  
On Field day, also, our talents were shown  
In running and jumping, and eating too;  
There wasn't a thing we couldn't do.  
Of worthy opponents we'd only a few  
In the foremost athletes of '82;  
And we yelled that day till our throats were sore  
From cheering the winners of '84.

Field day o'er, we next will speak  
Of that fatal examination week.  
Now cribbing wasn't a science then,  
And so it happened that eight of our men,  
By some mischance of tongue or pen,  
Failed of the requisite six times ten;  
And so were released from the turmoil and strife  
Attending a technical student's life.

We prepared next term, in a royal way,  
For the execution of Chanvenet.  
A committee for torches, another for wood,  
With instructions to steal as much as they could,  
Thus doing evil to bring forth good  
By saving expense, as every one should:  
While other committees made the coffin and bier,  
Which should, with Sir William, in flames disappear.

When the end of the Summer term drew nigh,  
Sir William was all prepared to die.  
His coffin was ready, his bier was all made,  
And so were the garments of sombre shade,  
In which the mourners would be arrayed,  
When they marched to the grave in solemn parade;  
His death, which occurred not a moment too soon,  
Was announced to take place on the 16th of June.

At Seven Dix St., on the eve of that date,  
The mourners collected about half-past eight.  
The procession started precisely at nine,  
With Drum Major Fuller leading the line;  
• While next came the Drum Corps, whose music divine  
Was acknowledged by all as exquisitely fine;  
Then followed Sir William, with coffin and bier,  
While our escorts, the Seniors, brought up in the rear.

With steadfast steps we marched along,  
The envy of the gazing throng.  
But the "Preps" and Middlers gathered there  
With patience could no longer bear  
To watch the fun they could not share;  
And so they laid a crafty snare,  
Across our line to make a rush,  
And steal Sir William in the crush.

The Middlers came down like wolves on the fold,  
But instantly wished they'd not been so bold;  
For they met with a sudden and total defeat,  
While Sir William went on undisturbed up the street.  
Ignorant still of the doom he should meet,  
As a just reward for his crime and deceit.  
At the top of the hill he was solemnly tried,  
And condemned to be hung by the neck till he died.

Old Chanvenet's days thus finally o'er,  
And Summer vacation gone once more,  
As Middlers all we now were known ;  
Middlers, to whom no love is shown,  
Middlers, who have to "go it alone,"  
And struggle in vain to hold their own  
Against the force of the rest of the school,  
Arrayed against them by common rule.

Though we had to yield on a *standing* vote,  
Yet on other occasions worthy of note,  
When numbers alone did not decide,  
Neither Seniors or Juniors, nor both allied,  
In vain attempts to humble our pride,  
Could beat us in anything they tried ;  
And the records prove without deceit  
That the class of '84 "couldn't be beat."

Next term as Seniors we returned,  
Grave, dignified and somewhat learned.  
We now began with might and main  
To exercise both hands and brain.  
We struggled hard, and oft in vain,  
O'er formulas for stress and strain ;  
While in the shop we worked like fun,  
To get our Straight-Line Engine done.

On New Year's eve, with tongues of flame,  
We hailed the year that bears our name ;  
And from the throng assembled there,  
Around the bonfires' brilliant glare,  
There breaks upon the midnight air  
The loud, discordant fish-horn's blare.  
Announcing to the listener's ear  
The advent of another year.



By the time the "Second Half" had begun,  
 Our "Straight-Line Engine" was finished and run;  
 From the very first the wheels went round,  
 Without a single jar or pound:  
 As good a way as could be found  
 To prove our work was true and sound.  
 Yes, true and sound without a flaw,  
 From the throttle valve to the governor.

And last of all, as the end drew near,  
 And we saw the close of our labors here,  
 We began to work with all our might,  
 "Antenna's" pages to indite;  
 And to keep them carefully out of sight,  
 Until they could safely come to light,  
 And bear to all who read it o'er  
 The farewell greeting of '84.

— *A. D. Stevens.*



*Position of Historian  
 while trying to manufacture  
 Machine Poetry.*

## Rab! Rab! Rab! '85!!

---

Here we are again, as the clown says in the pantomime. Curtain rises to slow music, and the infant '85 clutching the apron-strings of its venerable nurse (O. M.) stands disclosed.

It is a healthy infant ; it grows and waxes skillful under its nurse's watchful care and develops an amazing quantity of mechanical genius.

It is a plucky infant, moreover, for it fears not to meet its older brethren in the tug-of-war and rejoices as victory roosts upon its banner.

With a bound and a yell a motley crowd rush upon the scene. Can these be the tender infants ?

What an array !

Giants tower amid the crowd ; intellectually, physically, morally (?). "Shorties" amble by their side ; the masher and the dude walk arm in arm.

They are banded firmly together against their common foes. The adverb fiend advances upon them with his terrific hosts, and the mathematical demon bears down on the trembling youths.

At times the conflict rages fiercely, the furious assaults come "within an n<sup>th</sup>" of making the boys cave in ; but the only (*Kar*)\* (*in*) is at their head.

The conflict thickens. The great struggle is at hand. For five weary days the smoke of battle hangs heavy over the scene.

\*Pun.

At length the smoke lifts, and though the ranks are weakened, the victory is theirs.

The scene shifts!!

The brave heroes in plug hats and canes betake themselves from the battle-field to the banquet-hall, where they eat their first class supper.

The Spring campaign opened with surprising briskness on the part of the enemy. But fortune smiled, at length, upon the suffering youths.

With one grand swoop they fall upon their foe, "cut him more than half way thro' on both sides" and bear him off a captive.

The funeral was a grand yet melancholy spectacle. The modesty of '85 would not allow her to blow her own horn, and so she procured the services of a whole brass band.

Our noble chief led the line of march through the town, followed by the mourners and a full-fledged hearse.

Thousands lined the sidewalks, while the omnipresent "mucker" expressed his interest in the proceedings in the gay and festive manner peculiar to him.

Thus the funeral pageant wended on, and after being revived by the customary lemonade, filed up the lofty hill on which the last scenes of the tragedy were to be enacted.

As the last rose of summer was falling from her withered stalk, we found that we were Middlers. We have roamed through the fields of Dutch poetry and have torn our hair in trying to imagine how a double curved hyperbolic-paraboloid of two nappes would look revolving about a rectilinear element of the second generation as an axis in space.



As Middlers we feel the dignity of our position. We know that we should be a bright and shining light to the under classes, and we feel, tho' we blush to say it, that that light does not need trimming.

Manly aspirations begin to surge within our bosoms, and manly beards to sprout upon our chins.

As our course thus far has had its varying light and shade, so will the remainder, until that time shall come when in all our scientific glory we burst upon a dazzled world.



## The "Middler Dudes."

### The Dudes.

1st. — *Ye Prep. to Ye Senior.*

Senior, Senior, can you tell me  
 What those things are over there?  
 Human beings sure they can't be.  
 Are they types of Simians rare?  
 Are they native, or imported?  
 Were they born, or did they grow?  
 Are they freaks of Nature sportive?  
 Did they always look just so?  
 What are those tall, spotless ramparts  
 Rising high around their necks?  
 Is it safe to let such creatures  
 Mingle freely with the Techs?

*2d. — Ye Senior to Ye Prep.*

You have put to me a query  
Which has long been known to fame ;  
Many a brain has been made weary,  
Searching for their proper name ;  
Hunting for an appellation,  
Which should all their traits include,  
Till, with sudden inspiration,  
They evolved the name of "*Dude.*"  
When you once have fully fathomed  
All this wondrous name implies,  
Creatures such as you see yonder  
Never more will cause surprise ;  
For it means a human being  
Once with senses furnished well,  
Now transformed, by Fate's decreeing,  
To a brainless, useless swell.



## — '86. —

---

It was early in February, '83, that a majority of the members of the class of '86 bade their adieux to their lassies at the old homesteads, and later released their grips from their satchels, and beheld, some for the first time, "Old Worcester" and that institution towards which our thoughts had been turning, and for an entrance to which we had been "cramming" — The Tech.

The following day we were ushered into the presence of his "awfulness," and after a few preliminaries, were informed of the order of our examinations.

Even in this first registration the traits of some of our heavy men were strangely defined, for it is reported that in reply to the question, "What is your purpose in coming to this school?" one said, and truly, as it was afterward learned, "because he was sent"; another, "because he had nothing else to do"; and a third, "in order that he might gain a technical education that would be a blessing to himself and friends."

Then we were examined, and in good shape, too, first by Prof. Eaton, who treated us tenderly, as we ought to

have been, and so at once he gained the good will of the class, which, we are sure, still remains by him, and it is also with pleasure that we now look back on the hours spent under his most successful assistant, Prof. C. A. Clough.

Then Profs. Sinclair, Alden and Smith gave us interviews, and the "War in Anam," "Compound Interest" and "Roger Williams" were talked over, chiefly by the profs.

Then, "may the gods protect us," er-er-Uriel stepped upon the stage, and his selections from "The Standard Authors" fell upon our ears with an awe which afterward turned to laughter. At this time we were not aware how essential he was (?) to the Tech. in general, but we were of his pomposity.

Later in the day we were gathered as sheep by our good doctor, and after a few instructions upon our expected behavior, "substantially as set forth," we were sent to our rooms with the hope that home-sickness would not o'ertake us.

What dreams did not o'ertake us that first night of our 'salad days, when we were green," as students of the Tech! It is told "upon honor" that a prominent pugilist of our class was found that night vainly endeavoring to force a carpet bag through a key-hole by means of a broom, and when awakened, he asked feebly, "If the Junior was dead yet," when it was ascertained that he

had been having a "meet" with a Junior, "in his sleep," and was about to force him to throw up the sponge.

On the following day our work as Preps began, and it passed quickly and quietly; and at the end of our first half year—though we did have to furnish "*soapine*" for the whole school—in '86 could be found as fine a set of fellows as has ever entered the Tech. When we came back in August, we were joined by the Chemists and Civils of '86, and all hands entered upon our studies in earnest.

Since those early days "Johnny" has led us at times to Holden, "Tency" has lectured on the billiard problem, and all but the Cs have had to endure "Smithey's" fragrant exhalations of CO<sub>2</sub> (authority from Dr. Fuller) We have been "reckless" with "Gladdy," and "improper" and "slangy" with "Whitey," but as we now take our meals regular, we think we will pull through, and see the beginning of our next school year.

We have been universally successful in our endeavors as a class in all we have attempted. We have our victors at Field Day, and hope to see an increase. One of our numbers has overpowered a "Mephitis Mephitica," our "heterogeneous" student has acquired a gift of oratorical expression that is charming, and "now, gentlemen," what have we learned? "Of the green odor of chlorine gas," "of wooden bowls made of earthenware," "of the hypothetical period" (see Whitney's Grammar), and in the



case of the Civils of "equilateral triangle, fifty feet square," beside other points as new to our dizzy brains as are these.

Now we find ourselves at the end of our first year, we are not as green as we once were, and although we don't sport such high collars, skin-tights and flaxen beards as our immediate predecessors, we feel pleased at the showing made by '86, and now we would close this, our contribution to our Seniors, with the

TOAST TO '86.

May she thrive and be long prospered, never her name blighted by dishonor, and in the future may we look for names which shall be noted, and which were on the class roll of '86 of W. T. I.

# Ballade of ye Preps.

BY ONE OF THEM.

—‡' 87. ‡—

---

## I.

If you want to be an angel,  
With your resting-place in Heaven,  
Just go and join the cherubs  
In the class of eighty-seven.

## II.

Gladdy loves them while they're drawing;  
Badger loves them in the shop;  
But to masticate their English  
Makes poor Baldy fairly hop.

## III.

They are innocent, but cunning,  
Though they look as meek as Moses;  
Just let them loose around the shop,  
And they're thorns among the roses.

## IV.

To make old Badger roam the shop,  
Like down from off the thistle,  
They look like Mary's little lamb,  
Then let slip a lonely whistle.

## V.

Why inspects he thus that little hole,  
As a good priest does his missal?  
Quite easily explained, my friend,  
He's searching for that whistle.

## VI.

Whence comes that voice stentorian?  
Whence comes that mild reproof?  
My friend, it's only Badger,  
And he's howling at the roof.

## VII.

When old "Three Toe" is around,  
They seem exceeding quiet;  
But when he ambles from the room,  
There's a Cincinnati riot.

VIII.

These young chaps on the left  
Have come almost to blows,  
About a private tug of war  
On a piece of rubber hose.

IX.

There on the right's a Polo match,  
With never-ceasing noise ;  
Please pass their imperfections by,  
You know they're "only boys."

X.

Why stands that young man on his bench ?  
What makes his bosom swell ?  
Don't be afraid, it's only Knight  
Practicing on our class yell.

XI.

Why do those youngsters shout so ?  
Why do they fight and scratch ?  
O, it's only Rourke and Sawyer  
At a quiet game of "Match."

XII.

There goes Eldridge with the glue brush ;  
What new joke has he begun ?  
Ah ! we quickly see the sequel,  
Burr and bench are now but one.

XIII.

Between Bit Smith and Ward  
There's a long-continued war,  
And Smith with due solemnity  
Has thumped him on the jaw.

XIV.

Why does that young man wear his hair  
Like a cannibal of yore ?  
Why, Phelon once was scared so,  
That he raised a Pompadour.

XV.

Good Heavens ! what a racket !  
Did you hear that awful squeal ?  
Yes, some one whacked the Chinaman  
With a piece of orange peel.



XVI.

That is their man of valor,  
Whose delight it is to boast  
Of a midnight trip to graveyard,  
Of a duel, and a ghost.

XVII.

His delight it was to read,  
When the hours of night were mellow,  
A ten-cent book with title bold,  
And cover bright and yellow.

XVIII.

Here we have a former Junior,  
Who dressed with greatest care;  
But that was just a week before  
He lost the President's chair.

XIX.

But now he looks dejected,  
Rambles ruefully in rags,  
With a boiler for a Derby,  
And his legs encased in bags.

XX.

Let cigars go to thunder,  
Leave the rink to wane or wax;  
Raise fifteen cents upon your hat,  
And pay th' athletic tax.

XXI.

It's time for the babies' bottle,  
Confound those little scamps.  
Hastings' got the colic,  
And Hitchcock's got the cramps.

XXII.

The Juniors made an effort  
To knock us out of time;  
But there's lots of courage left  
In that same little nine.

XXIII.

There's lots of fun before you, boys,  
With perhaps a chance for Heaven;  
So raise your voices with a will,  
And Hurrah! for '87.

# The Class,

WITH THEIR FUTURE POST OFFICE ADDRESSES.

---

CHESTER B. ALBREE,	Pittsburgh, Pa.
ROSCOE H. ALDRICH,	Charlton, Mass.
ARTHUR H. ALLEN,	Technical Institute, Worcester.
WILLIAM F. BROOKS,	Minneapolis, Minn.
WALDO C. BRYANT,	Winchendon, Mass.
JAMES H. CHURCHILL,	Worcester, Mass.
GEORGE H. CUSHING,	Westfield, Mass.
WILLIAM W. ESTES,	116 Amherst ave., New Bedford, Mass.
WILLARD FULLER,	Union Rolling Mill Co., Cleveland, O.
JAMES N. HEALD,	Barre, Mass.
ELBRIDGE S. HOWE,	Waukegan, Ill.
EDWARD E. JOHNSON,	Rockford, Ill.
WALLACE C. JOHNSON,	Granville, Mass.
WALTER J. KEITH,	Brockton, Mass.
DANIEL KNOWLTON,	9 Kilby st., Worcester, Mass.
BERNARD E. McDONALD,	Spencer, Mass.
LAWRENCE D. O'CONNELL,	Hopkinton, Mass.
CHARLES S. PHELPS,	South Deerfield, Mass.
EDWARD D. PRIEST,	Shenandoah, Page Co., Iowa.
JOHN C. SETCHEL,	Norwich, Conn.
HARRY H. SMALL,	365 Spring st., Portland, Me.
ARTHUR D. STEVENS,	124 E. Bay St., Jacksonville, Fla.
FRANK L. STEVENS,	North Hoosac, N. Y.
ARTHUR L. STONE,	Spencer, Mass.
ALDEN H. WHEELER,	Medfield, Mass.

## In Memoriam.

---

WHEREAS, since we last met as a class, an all-wise Providence has seen fit to take from our midst one of our best beloved and most respected classmates, Joseph Albree, Jr., and as we wish to express our sorrow and deep sense of loss, to the family and friends of him whose career of usefulness has been so untimely arrested ;

BE IT RESOLVED : That we, the members of the class of '84, do wear, for the next thirty days, a badge of cr pe, as an emblem of our sorrow ; and

BE IT RESOLVED : That the date of his death, and a copy of these resolutions, be inscribed in the class records, and that a copy be forwarded to the family of the deceased as a mark of our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement.



*To hold as 't were; the Mirror up to Nature."*



## Biographical Notes.

"TO HOLD, AS 'T WERE, THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE."

---

### CHESTER BIDWELL ALBREE.

*"He is given to sports, to wildness, and much company."*

"Ches" is our artistic editor. Quiet and inoffensive. Plays billiards and smokes. Was judge at Chanvenet's trial. Best high kick record in the institute.

### JOSEPH ALBREE, JR.

*"Full of regard and honor."*

Joe was on the ball team as a prep. Was always in everything that was in progress. During his middle year he was scorer for the ball team. On the 2d of August, 1883, he died after a short illness of typhoid fever, in his 21st year.

### ROSCOE HILTON ALDRICH.

*"I doubt not of your wisdom."*

"Rossy," a ball player from away back in the "prep." year. He has taken several prizes in athletics and was vice-president of the class in the Spring of '84.

### LOUIS ALBION ALEXANDER.

*"His life was gentle."*

Entered in September; known as "one of those fellows in our class who has a mustache." He did not come up to the scratch on the first Semi-Annual and left for a new vicinity.

### ARTHUR HOLLEY ALLEN.

*"See these letters delivered."*

Entered in September as a mechanical engineer. Member of the chapel choir and attends to the mail.

### JOAS VIERA BARZELLOS.

*"You have done that you should be sorry for."*

Also had a mustache. Was a Brazilian and suffered from the severity of our climate (?). His fate, as the faculty records laconically state, was: "Left; scared by hard work."

WILLIAM FREDERICK BROOKS.

*"Yet I have not seen so likely an ambassador of love."*

"Brooksy" is the class beauty upon whom all the girls are mashed. He plays on the nine, has captured several first prizes in running, and has held various class offices, and is, at present writing, president of the class.

WILLIAM CHENEY BROWN.

*"Thou art a fellow of good respect."*

Entered as a "prep." In the Junior year he took first position and was obliged to leave for a year on account of bad health. He is now in '85.

WALDO CALVIN BRYANT.

*"Put upon my brows this wreath of victory."*

Holds a fair place in the class. What he don't know and can't tell about shop practice is not worth knowing, in his opinion.

FREDERICK LINCOLN CHANDLER.

*"Lord, how art thou changed."*

Entered in September as a Junior, and graduated at the first Semi-Annual for "obviously good reasons."

JAMES HENRY CHURCHILL.

*"You must take your chance."*

"Jimmy;" he is an ardent chemist and Democrat who always stands up for Ben Butler. He has held class offices and possesses a rather mercurial temper.

SAMUEL BACON COIT.

*"Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,  
Which busy care draws in the brains of men."*

This man is especially famous as having made the lowest mark on record on the first Semi-Annual. Unfortunately this bright and shining light went out after six months' illumination.

GEORGE HARWOOD CUSHING.

*"No man here but honors you."*

"Cush" has been prominent as a ball player since his entry in February, 1881. He has been president of the class several times and is a member of the "first six." During the last two years he has supplied the students with all the requisites necessary to acquire a scientific education, (except brains.)



WILLIAM WOOD ESTES.

*"Give him a statue with his ancestors."*

"Bill" has been strictly virtuous and unsophisticated since his entrance as a prep. He stands well up in the class, and thinks it wrong to drink cider.

ALVIN ETHERIDGE.

*"He is married."*

From South Carolina. He was a stand-by on the tug-of-war team. He married at the end of the middle year, and went South to enjoy "conjugal felicity."

FRANK OSGOOD FISHER.

*"Your wisdom is consumed in confidence."*

He was the class pet from his "prep." days up to the last half of the middle year, when he dropped to the Junior class, and was soon after dropped for good. His aspirations are to become a fireman on an engine, or a star at the Boylston Museum.

WILLARD FULLER.

*"Talk with respect, and swear but now and then."*

Very prominent in athletics, having taken many prizes and broken more records than any other student. Pitcher on the ball team and leader of the Glee Club.

SAMUEL MARTIN GREEN.

*"Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall to careless ruin."*

"Sammy" would like to be a fast fellow, but his folks won't let him. He passed the "prep." year, but succumbed to the first Semi-Annual, and is now in '85.

JAMES NICHOLS HEALD.

*"A peevish schoolboy."*

"Barre Jack" has the most sublime conceit of any man in college. He has been pronounced a fine (barre) tone singer, but was bounced from the chapel choir as incompetent.

ELBRIDGE GERRY HOWE.

*"This is a goodly sort of fellow."*

He was appointed class monitor, and lived in Boynton Hall. He knows how to enjoy himself, and "spiels" the festive pasteboards.

EDWARD EVERETT JOHNSON.

*"The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder."*

"E. E." is the neatest draughtsman in college, and he designed the lettered frontispiece for this book. He is a strong card in the athletic games.

WALLACE CLYDE JOHNSON.

*"Thou hast more hair on thy chin than Dobbin, my thill-horse has on his tail."*

"W. C." entered at the beginning of the Middle year. He was in '84 at Williams College, and is a jolly good fellow, who plays poker, wears a beard, and is the "business editor of the Antenna."

WALTER JACKSON KEITH.

*"Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look. He thinks too much."*

Attends strictly to his own affairs, and is a most proficient chemist. He manufactured all the pyrotechniques for the "Chanvenet bust" and is a member of the first "six."

DANIEL KNOWLTON.

*"What a blunt fellow is this grown to be."*

"Dan," is a "solid Muldoon." Has been secretary and treasurer since time out of mind, and always identified with athletic management.

GUSTAVUS JACOB MELMS.

*"The fool hath planted in his memory an army of good words."*

"Gus" is a hot-headed Dutchman, who managed to keep in by the skin of his teeth. Was for a time leader of the orchestra. During the last half of the Senior year he became disgusted with mechanics, and commenced the study of "electricity" as a special.

GEORGE E. MARTIN.

*"A creature that did bear the shape of man."*

Sawed his finger, ate onions, and was dropped at the end of the "prep." year.

BERNARD EDWARD McDONALD.

*"He is superstitious grown of late."*

"Barney," the chemist, is a lively Irishman who plays field on the nine, and abhors mathematics.

CURTIS POWERS MIXTER.

*"Like a crab you could crawl backward."*

Entered as a Junior, and found himself unable to surmount the difficulties of a scientific training, so obtained a permanent leave of absence.

WILLIS HERBERT MOULTON.

*"With a last wring of his hand, we parted."*

He has played on the nine, and held the office of class president. He left the class at the end of the Middle year.

LAWRENCE DANIEL O'CONNELL.

*"You may tell every finger I have with my ribs."*

Larry is a lean, long, lank, lucid, long-legged, limber lummax, but withal a good fellow. He fell into our class from '83, and is now doing well.

JOSE PINTO DE OLIVEIRA, JR.

*"A soft and dull-eyed fool."*

Entered in September, but was "scared by hard work," and left in three months. He was a very swarthy complexioned Brazilian, and is now at the Philadelphia Polytechnic College.

CHARLES SPENCER PHELPS.

*"He is a proper man's picture."*

A reserved sucker, with an embryo mustache, who attends to the physical welfare of the Central Church saints.

EDWARD DWIGHT PRIEST.

*"Four score ducats at a sitting."*

"Eddy." One of the "men" in our class (*i.e.*, height, six feet; weight, 186). He is the "anchor" of our hopes in the tug of war, and our great gun in putting the shot and raking in the shekels. Obstinacy personified, with the muscle to back it up.

JOHN MASON RICHARDSON.

*"A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy."*

Johnny was exceptionally nervous and conscientious. During the Middle year he was obliged to leave college on account of ill-health.

CHARLES SAMUEL SARGENT.

*"Peace be with you."*

"Skilliky" was a little leaner, lankier, longer, looser, long-leggeder lummax than the other one, and he failed to pass the first inquisition.



LOUIS JOSEPH SAWYER.

*"Let me praise you while I have a stomach."*

This man was one of the smartest in the class, but for some reason he left to join a similar institution in Pennsylvania.

JOHN CARROL SETCHEL.

*"He was quick metal when he went to school."*

"Setch" as a "prep." was one of the boys; and, to all appearances, is so yet. He ranks next to Fuller in athletic excellence, and when he goes for a time, he goes to Boston.

HARRY HASKELL SMALL.

*"Be of good cheer, for truly, I think you are damned."*

"Klein" has always been one of the hallowed "six." He is specially noted for the graces of his person and the frequency (?) of his treats.

ARTHUR DUNHAM STEVENS.

*"Yet in the number I do not know but one  
That unassailable holds on his rank."*

"A. D." The smartest man that ever attended the institution. His general average for all examinations is 97.5 per cent. His hobby is electricity, and he is an expert poet and kleptomaniac, and one of the "Antenna" editors.

FRANK LAMBERTON STEVENS.

*"He must be taught and trained and bid go forth."*

"F. L." Our baby elephant is one of the "bhoys." He rooms with Setchel, and is joint proprietor of a den of iniquity. He ain't green, but he comes from North Hoosac, Rensselaer Co., N. Y.

ARTHUR LEE STONE.

*"I have a man's mind, but a woman's might."*

"Steiny" is little, but oh, my! — He is in the first "six," and is a genuine wit, and therefore is employed to grind out the scintillating profundities in this book, as becomes a witty editor.

JOHN HENRY SWINBURNE.

*"I have neither wit nor words nor worth."*

Swiney is not as bad as the quotation would seem to indicate, but he began in the class of '83, joined '84, dropped into '85, and bids fair to graduate with '86.

CARROLL THAYER.

*"If you only had your eyes."*

Passed the "prep." year safely, but his eyes gave out, and he left school. He tried again in '85, but was again obliged to leave, and is now learning the wool business.

WILLIAM GOODRICH THOMPSON.

*"Speaks an infinite deal of nothing."*

"Dr. Thompson's son Willie," who is tied to his mother's apron strings, but who will make Rome howl if he ever gets loose. He signed a petition in '81 which called his father a liar. After his trip to England he became a full-fledged dude, and left to "entah college, you know. By gad!"

JOSEPH PATRICK TUCKER.

*"I should not urge thy duty past thy might."*

"Joe" has tried several classes, but not finding the respective atmospheres congenial, he is now tutoring privately. He is very jolly, and was with us one year.

JOHN J. VAN VALKENBURG.

*"Truly, he hath a strong arm."*

"Van" was our strong Samson, with the big mustache. He left the Middle year to enter an engineering office.

BING CHUNG WAN.

*(No Chinese to be found in Shakespeare.)*

He was with us as "preps." and was recalled to China the ensuing summer, where he married "a little yaller gal," and is having rather a hard time of it.

ROBERT LINCOLN WATKINS.

*"If thou wert an ass, thy dullness would torment thee."*

Entered as a Junior, and left at the first Semi-Annual. Fell into '85, and was again left, and then left for good, and is devoting himself to the study of medicine as the only alternative left.

ALDEN HARTWELL WHEELER.

*"He reads much, he is a great observer."*

Oldest man in the class, and therefore has the largest mustache, (even larger than the biographer's own.)

OUR AGES AND MEASUREMENTS.

NAMES.	AGE.*			HEIGHT.		WEIGHT.	HAT.	SHOE.	GLOVE.
	Yrs.	Mos.	Days.	Ft.	Ins.				
ALBREE,.....	22	1	18.	5	8	Lbs. 127	Size. 7	Size. 8	Size. 7½
ALDRICH,.....	20	4	29	5	7¼	150	7	8	7½
ALLEN,.....	21	11	4	5	11	160	7¼	8½	8½
BROOKS,.....	21	3	25	5	8	133	7	6½	7¼
BRYANT,.....	20	4	9	5	6½	150	7	7	8
CHURCHILL,.....	23	8	20	5	6¾	137	7½	7	7½
CUSHING,.....	23	8	13	5	7	145	7½	7½	8½
ESTES,.....	20	8	12	5	9½	152	7	9	8½
FULLER,.....	22	9	24	5	8¼	140	7¼	7	7¾
HEALD,.....	19	9	5	5	7½	130	6¾	6	7¼
HOWE,.....	20	8	4	5	10½	145	7¼	8	7½
JOHNSON, E. E.,.....	19	7	1	5	11	168	7	9	9
JOHNSON, W. C.,.....	25	1	5	5	3⅞	148	6⅞	5	7
KEITH,.....	22	9	10	5	9¾	147	7¼	8	8½
KNOWLTON,.....	22	11	0	5	3¾	150	7	6	7
MCDONALD,.....	20	4	29	5	7¼	140	7	7	7½
O'CONNELL,.....	23	3	19	5	9½	145	7	8	7½
PHELPS,.....	21	6	14	5	8½	148	7	7	7½
PRIEST,.....	22	7	17	6	0	190	7½	9	8½
SETCHEL,.....	23	4	15	5	8½	145	7	7	7½
SMALL,.....	21	8	19	5	10¾	165	7½	8	8
STEVENS, A. D.,.....	21	7	8	5	10¾	158	7¾	7	8¼
STEVENS, F. L.,.....	19	6	28	6	¼	160	7¼	9	8
STONE,.....	18	10	9	5	5¾	124	6⅞	7	7
WHEELER,.....	26	0	29	5	10⅝	170	7½	9	9

\* Reckoned to day of graduation.



NAMES.	NECK.	SHOULDER BREADTH.	CHEST.	FOREARM.	BICEPS.	WAIST.	HIP.	THIGH.	CALF.
	<i>Inches.</i>	<i>Inches.</i>	<i>Inches.</i>	<i>Inches.</i>	<i>Inches.</i>	<i>Inches.</i>	<i>Inches.</i>	<i>Inches.</i>	<i>Inches.</i>
ALBREE,.....	14	16	34	10½	11	25	29	18¾	13
ALDRICH,.....	15	18¼	37	10½	11¾	31½	31½	21	14
ALLEN,.....	14½	18	39½	11½	12	30	35	20	14¾
BROOKS,.....	14¼	16½	35	10½	11¾	31	35	20	14
BRYANT,.....	14¼	17¾	36½	11	12	32	37	21	15
CHURCHILL,.....	14½	16	34½	10¾	10¾	29½	32	19½	14¼
CUSHING,.....	14⅞	16½	37	11½	13½	30	34¾	20½	14¾
ESTES,.....	14	16	36¼	10⅞	11¼	29½	33	20½	13½
FULLER,.....	13½	15¼	35	10½	11	31	33	18½	13
HEALD,.....	13¾	16	36¾	10	10½	27	34	19	12
HOWE,.....	13	16½	36¾	9¼	10⅞	30	33¾	18	12¾
JOHNSON, E. E.,.....	13⅝	17	37½	11	11½	29	36	23⅝	13½
JOHNSON, W. C.,.....	13½	17	35⅞	10⅞	13⅞	31⅝	36¼	21¾	14 5-16
KEITH,.....	13½	16	33¼	11	11¼	28	37	19	13½
KNOWLTON,.....	13½	15	33⅞	10½	12	33¼	37½	21⅝	14¾
MCDONALD,.....	13½	17½	34	10	11¼	29¾	35	19⅝	13¾
O'CONNELL,.....	13½	16	36½	9½	10¾	29½	36	20⅞	13
PHELPS,.....	14½	15½	36½	11	12	31	33	21	13¼
PRIEST,.....	14⅝	18½	40	12⅞	13¾	33¼	38	23⅝	15
SETCHEL,.....	14	16½	35¾	10½	12¼	30	35¾	21	14
SMALL,.....	14½	16	37½	11	11¾	31	33½	21	14½
STEVENS, A. D.,.....	13¾	18	37	10¾	12	28½	36	20	14
STEVENS, F. L.,.....	13¾	17	36	9¾	11¾	29	36	21	13
STONE,.....	12⅞	15½	31½	10¼	10¾	27½	33½	20	13⅝
WHEELER,.....	14	16½	39¾	10¾	12½	32½	38	21¾	14

# A Few Facts

IN REGARD TO THE MEMBERS OF '84.

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## STATISTICAL SUMMARY.

If the whole time that the different members of the class have lived could be credited to one man, his age on Commencement Day would be 600 years and 8 days, his height would be 142 feet and 8 1-2 inches, and he would weigh 3,770 pounds.

The average age of our class is 22 years, 4 months, 24 1-3 days; average height 5 feet, 8 1-2 inches; and the average weight 150 4-5 pounds.

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## GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION.

Twelve members of '84 came into existence in Massachusetts, 3 in Illinois, 2 in Maine, 2 in Connecticut, and 1 in each of the following States: New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Rhode Island.

At present, 19 of us claim a residence in Massachusetts, and 1 in each of the following States: Pennsylvania, Minnesota, Ohio, Illinois, Florida, New York.

Worcester and Spencer are the only cities or towns able to contain more than 1 of us.

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## FATHERS' OCCUPATIONS.

The pursuits in which our fathers are engaged represent quite a wide field of industry. They are as follows:—

Four farmers, 4 manufacturers, 2 merchants, 1 master mechanic, 1 journeyman, 1 dealer in real estate, 1 head sawyer, 1 clergyman, 1 insurance agent, 1 ship builder, 1 grocer.

## RELIGIONS.

Our preferences are divided among the different denominations as follows:—

Six Congregationalists, 5 Presbyterians, 3 Unitarians, 3 Catholics, 3 Baptists, 2 Episcopalians, 2 Universalists.

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## POLITICAL.

As might be expected, by far the larger part of the class are Republican in their principles. The numbers are: 16 Republicans, 7 Independents, 2 Democrats.

On the tariff question 15 of us believe in protection, 4 in "a tariff for revenue only," and 5 in free trade.

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## AMUSEMENTS.

All but a very few men go to the theatre more or less, a lack of means being given as a reason by most of those who do not go. Only one was found who did not go from principle.

As to the favorite actors there is a great diversity, 5 preferring Booth, 5 Jefferson, 3 Barrett, 2 Irving, 1 McCullough, and 1 Denman Thompson. Upon our favorite actresses we are more agreed, 12 preferring Margaret Mather, 3 Mary Anderson, 1 Lotta and 1 Miss Edmonson.

Of in-door games, 8 prefer whist, 5 poker, 5 billiards, 2 checkers, 1 euchre, 1 high-low-jack and 1 chess.

Of out-door sports, 12 prefer base-ball, 3 tramping, 3 boating, 2 croquet, 1 foot-ball and 1 fishing.

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## LITERARY.

The tastes of the class and the subject of authors are exceedingly various: Dickens being preferred by 6 men, Lord Lytton by 2, Geo.



Eliot, Howells, Black, E. P. Roe, Reade, Cooper, Jules Verne, Paul Hayes, John Abbott and Emerson by 1 each.

On the subject of poetry we are more nearly agreed; Longfellow being the favorite with 11, Shakespeare with 4, Byron with 3, Whittier, Bryant, Burns and Tennyson, each with 1.

As to newspapers our tastes again differ widely, 3 men being best pleased with each of the following journals: New York Tribune, Boston Journal, Puck and the Springfield Republican; 2 with the Boston Globe, 2 with the Boston Herald, 1 each with the New York Herald, Nation, and Worcester Gazette.

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### OUR RELATIONS WITH THE INSTITUTE.

All but 3 of the class claim to have entered the "Tech." from their own choice.

While here 7 have derived most pleasure from the study of geometry, 5 from mechanics, 3 from chemistry, 3 from electricity, 2 from English, 2 from algebra and 1 from trigonometry.

Among the faculty, Professor Kimball is the great favorite with the class, 10 men preferring him, 7 Professor Eaton, 3 Dr. Kinicutt, 3 Professor Alden and 1 Mr. Barnes.

To the question, Are you satisfied with the course? 15 answered "yes," 3 gave a decided "no," and 7 said "partially so."

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⇒‡ \$3.00. ‡⇐

By a vote of the Board of Trustees,  
Whom I always endeavor to please,  
Every student must pay,  
Without further delay,  
Three dollars for chemistry fees.

# Prophecy.

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## BACHELORS OF SCIENCE :—

*Gentlemen* :— It is unnecessary for me to mention the successful past of the class of '84, as evidence of their more successful future. As you look about you cannot help feeling that you are surrounded by those who will ere long take the foremost places in their various callings, and with the praises of whom the air will resound before many years. We have just reviewed with our Historian the three years which the remarkable class of '84 spent at the W. T. I. My pleasant duty is to disclose to you the future of the members of this class as they pursue their various paths.

First let me call your attention to our worthy President. Brooks will, shortly after graduation, take a European trip for his health. After a short and uneventful visit in England, he will go to France, where he will meet an American young lady ; he will also meet with the usual consequences and will fulfil our expectations and marry young.

Having enough of Europe, he will return and settle down to business ; encouraged by his success as chief editor of the Antenna, he will start a magazine which will have unprecedented success. In ten years, Brooks will, through this magazine, come to be recognized as the most influential man of the country in politics. He will also become a celebrated stumpspeaker.

Next on the list comes Cushing. He will refuse several offers of positions on ball teams, and will immediately strike for the West. Settling in a small town, he will not be heard from for some time. But in the Spring of 1900 there will be exhibited in Chicago an improved and patented engine, which will, in fifteen years, be known throughout the United States as the Cushing Engine. Cushing will then establish a manufactory and will soon be recognized as among the first inventors of the country.

Small will continue the study of Thermodynamics for a year. In two years he will burst forth upon the astonished world as the inventor of a perpetual motion machine. For some time he will live on his fame; but, not thriving on this, he will become a professional poker player and three-card monte man.

Small's invention will not be the only blessing which '84 will confer upon mankind. A. D. Stevens will astonish the scientific world with his "Theory of Electricity," which will completely revolutionize all modern ideas of that subject. He will publish a small book for use at the Tech., which he will sell to students at the greatly reduced rate of one dollar. In addition to the valuable matter contained in this book there will be a large number of blank pages, thus affording an excellent opportunity for taking notes. A. D. will next construct a dynamo which will furnish electric light to the whole state of Florida. He will then consider his mission completed and will rest from his labors, except that, from time to time, he will, by way of amusement, contribute scientific dissertations to the leading journals.

F. L. Stevens will go as far west as North Hoosac, New York, where he will make himself famous by inventing a machine which will manufacture fine paper from old boots and rubbers.

Setchel, as would be expected, will be a family man. He will obtain an excellent situation, his chief recommendations being his manly bearing and heavy mustache. He will be interested in a Sunday School revival in 1904, and will also be an ardent temperance worker.

Albree will enter a Bessemer Steel Works and will remain there three years. But, being dissatisfied with his occupation, he will present himself with a copy of our "Antenna," at the office of a leading illustrated journal, where he will be immediately accepted as chief artist.

Wheeler and Estes after experimenting three years will perfect a locomotive engine which will be adopted by all the railroads in the United States, and which will bring the inventors an immense fortune.

Allen will start for the West, and will arrive at Leadville "dead broke." He will start out prospecting, and will be very successful. His course in mineralogy will enable him to recognize signs of gold



which others have overlooked, and he will "strike it rich." A new city will spring up around his claim, and Allen will be elected mayor.

About ten miles from Worcester is a little village, unknown to the world, called Charlton. Twenty years from now, however, Charlton will be known to the whole country as the early home of one of the greatest mechanical engineers of the time, Roscoe Hilton Aldrich. After five years' experience in practical engineering he will write a work on Applied Mechanics, which will be more concise and more practical than Rankine. Hence his fame. And now let me transport you to a quiet village in the suburbs of Cleveland, Ohio. At the gate of a handsome summer residence stands a lady; at her side is a beautiful child about three years old. Both gaze earnestly down the street, and when presently the roll of wheels is heard, the child exclaims joyously, "There is papa." A stylish team dashes up to the gate, and a gentleman alights. As the three pass up the avenue to the house, we recognize the gentleman. Yes, it is Willard Fuller, Esq., manufacturer of rolled steel rails; Number X., Blank St., Cleveland.

Heald will emigrate to Barre, Mass., where he will make various improvements in the foundry of Heald & Son, and will build up an extensive business.

After five years' experience in charge of the electric light station in a New Jersey city, Bryant will commence the manufacture of electric belts and hair brushes, in which he will be quite successful.

Priest will attract attention by his elaborate thesis on the car system of the Brooklyn Bridge. In two years he will propose an automatic system for street cars, and will undertake the construction of his model street railroad in New York. Successful in this, the city government will grant him a life pension, his portrait will appear in *Harper's Weekly*, and fathers will point him out to their children as a public benefactor.

And now I come to the Civils. All but Knowlton will go West to the land of new railroads. Dan, however, is too much attached to New England customs and New England cider to exchange them for Western ducats and Western poor whiskey, so he will remain in

Worcester. He will become a very successful architect, and will design the buildings for the World's Fair held in Boston in 1929.

The other five Civils will travel westward together. At Kansas City they will separate. Howe and O'Connell will go to Montana, where they will secure positions as Division Engineer and Assistant Division Engineer, respectively. They will lead a quiet life until the Fall of 1885, when they will be arrested for stealing watermelons, and, after conviction, will be lodged in jail. Howe will be locked up in a cell, in the floor of which there will be a trap door with a ring and staple attached. Howe will pull forwards, backwards and sidewise on this ring, but the door will not open, and he will then give up discouraged. Suddenly, however, he will think of pulling upwards. This he will try. The door will then open, and escape will be easy. He will then get a situation on another road, and will be steady and successful. In 1890 he will be made Chief Engineer of the road, and in 1900 Superintendent. O'Connell will be less fortunate; in his cell there will be no trap door, and he will be obliged to serve out his six months. On his release he will go to San Francisco, and we shall next hear from him as sole proprietor and manager of

#### O'CONNELL'S CHOICE FAMILY RESORT.

ADMISSION, ONE DIME.

E. E. Johnson and Phelps will lead a less exciting life than Howe and O'Connell, but will locate themselves in Mexico, on a new railroad. After a few years' service as Assistant Engineer, Phelps will organize a dramatic company which will perform, throughout Mexico, Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar, with Phelps as Brutus.

Ed. will be promoted to the office of Superintendent of Bridges, which office he will fill with honor to himself and profit to the railroad company. He will gain quite a reputation as a long-distance runner.

W. C. Johnson will be disappointed in the life of a Civil Engineer, after two years' labor in Kansas, and will next become a missionary among the Mormons. He will remain in Utah five years and will reform many polygamists. He will then come East and make a lecturing tour of the Eastern and Middle States, lecturing with great success

upon "The Evils of Utah and their Remedy." In 1897 he will be chosen U. S. Senator from New Jersey and will become an eminent statesman.

The remaining four men of the class will be known in the scientific world as excellent theoretical and practical chemists.

Churchill will secure a lucrative position as analytical chemist in an iron and steel works. From time to time he will publish new and original methods for analysis, which will be well received. But his regard for the welfare of his fellow citizens will lead him, against his personal inclination, to take an active part in politics, and in 1904 he will be nominated for the Presidency by the consolidated Democratic and Greenback parties and will be triumphantly — defeated. He will then resume his chemical duties, to which he will thenceforth devote his undivided attention.

Keith will become an eminent investigator in organic chemistry. He will take a course of study in one of the German universities and will propose several new theories which will explain many doubtful reactions.

The first ten years of McDonald's life, after graduation, will be spent by him in a continual struggle against fate. Three times each year will he make an attempt and three times each year will he be defeated. The thirty-first attempt will, however, be successful and he will be the proud and happy wearer of a mustache ; of uncertain color, perhaps, and not over-large, but a mustache, nevertheless. After this triumph he will turn his attention to chemistry and will become analyzing chemist in a New York oil refinery.

A. L. STONE.



## Class Poem.

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### WHY?

In feudal times of long ago —  
Those days of regal pomp and show,  
When chivalry and honor bright  
The watchwords were of squire and knight —  
The whole wide world was but a stage,  
Whereon were acted valiant deeds  
That now illumine History's page,  
Or, as the spell-bound student reads,  
Are acted o'er in legends old.  
The choicest of the land, be 't gold,  
Or homage, was his rightful due,  
Who, victor in the tournament,  
All eyes in praise upon him drew,  
As proudly for the wreath he bent.  
Not always thus in friendly game,  
So eager on the prizes bent,  
Those knights strove hard for fame and name;  
As oft they felt the steel, that lent  
A taste of angry, horrid death,  
And strewed the field and sunny plain  
With nameless graves, as if the breath  
Of life were only a refrain,  
That was by use too old to sing;  
A bell of clay that need not ring.

But times have changed, and we to-night  
Are made to feel one change at least;  
Instead of choosing helméd knight,  
Society awards the best  
To those who conquer with their brain,  
To those who hold commune with art,  
To those who follow Nature's train  
Of reasons why, and vent'rous part  
The veil that hangs across the way,  
Where superstition finds an end  
And science shows its perfect day;

To those who for their fellows spend  
Their strong and hopeful years of life  
To raise them up to grander heights,  
To give them purer, stronger lights  
And mitigate th' eternal strife,  
Which men with men forever wage.  
And this is right. The knight, who threw  
Before his foe the taunting gage  
And quick to deadly conflict flew,  
Was acting out his baser part,  
The part that gloried in his strength,  
The part that trod upon his heart,  
When stretched before him at full length  
His foeman lay. He never thought  
But, when the battle he had fought  
And conquered, he had won a niche  
In Honor's alcove, full and rich.  
But Progress marks the flight of Time;  
The years are milestones on his course;  
The deeds of men become sublime;  
They aim at higher things; recourse  
Is had to peaceful arts, and war  
Begins to be despised, and keeps  
Sole sway no more; the beaut'ous star  
Of Hope leads on, and Discord sleeps.

No doubt the thoughts of many a man,  
While looking o'er Society  
And wondering at her rigid plan,  
With which our lives must all agree,  
Have been rebellious, and he's asked:  
"Why is so much demanded now?  
Why are we set to such a task?  
Why are we now obliged to show  
The years we've spent in patient work,  
Perfecting eye, and mind, and hand,  
Th' apprenticeship we cannot shirk,  
If we expect 'mong men to stand?  
In olden times men's wants were few;  
Their tastes were simple, ever true  
To urgent wants. They tilled the soil,  
And, so, were not estranged to toil,

But more they hunted wild and free  
Among their native hills and woods,  
Their homes, where'er they chanced to be ;  
They courted Nature in her moods,  
That most appeal to youthful days ;  
Complexer civ'lization yet  
Had not begun t' impose its nays  
Upon a life for self, or set  
Its impress on the hearts of men."

Right here, methinks, the doubter ceases ;  
His arguments all fall in pieces  
At sight of that great difference  
Between the man of olden years, —  
While Civ'lization in suspense  
Stood watching, waiting, bathed in tears,  
To hear her fate, — and man to-day.  
'Tis not for self that here we stay ;  
'Tis not for self that here we die,  
But all are made to feel the tie  
That binds mankind in common kin.  
So let's not wonder, as we go  
And take our places in the din  
And toil of life, and try to show  
That we've not worked without avail,  
Just what has been the good to us,  
Or if the breeze will fill our sail  
The better for our work. Discuss  
And you may soon begin to doubt ;  
Be stout of heart, in purpose strong,  
And you will very soon find out  
That years of study, hard and long,  
Are in accord with man's advance  
Out of the age of ignorance,  
From the age when History pales,  
From "our fathers of the tails."

G. H. CUSHING.



# Class Officers of '84.

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## APPRENTICE YEAR.

President, . . . . . G. H. CUSHING.

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## JUNIOR YEAR.

### FIRST HALF.

President, . . . . . G. H. CUSHING.

Vice-President, . . . . . W. F. BROOKS.

Secretary and Treasurer, . . . . H. H. SMALL.

### SECOND HALF.

President, . . . . . WILLARD FULLER.

Vice-President, . . . . . W. C. BROWN.

Secretary and Treasurer, . . . . J. J. VAN VALKENBURG.

Marshal, . . . . . G. H. CUSHING.

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## MIDDLE YEAR.

### FIRST HALF.

President, . . . . . A. D. STEVENS.

Vice-President, . . . . . J. P. TUCKER.

Secretary and Treasurer, . . . . W. G. THOMPSON.

Marshal, . . . . . E. P. PRIEST.

### SECOND HALF.

President, . . . . . W. H. MOULTON.

Vice-President, . . . . . A. L. STONE.

Secretary and Treasurer, . . . . W. C. JOHNSON.

Marshal, . . . . . J. ALBREE, JR.

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## SENIOR YEAR.

### FIRST HALF.

President, . . . . . G. H. CUSHING.

Vice-President, . . . . . J. H. CHURCHILL.

Secretary and Treasurer, . . . . DAN. KNOWLTON.

Marshal, . . . . . W. W. ESTES.

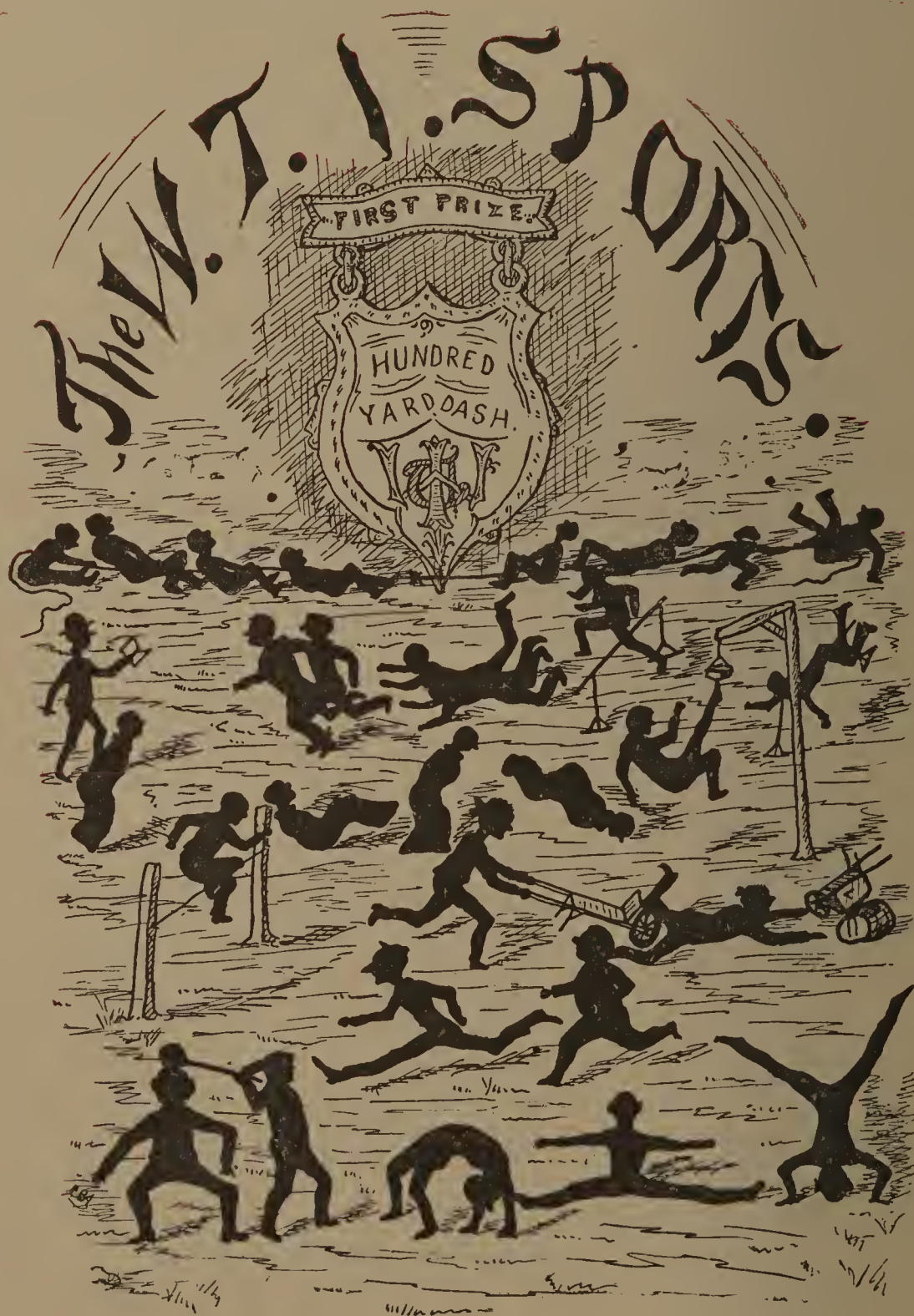
### SECOND HALF.

President, . . . . . W. F. BROOKS.

Vice-President, . . . . . R. H. ALDRICH.

Secretary and Treasurer, . . . . DAN. KNOWLTON.

Marshal, . . . . . WILLARD FULLER.



## “Tech.” Organizations.

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### *W. T. I. ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.*

#### OFFICERS.

W. F. Brooks, '84, Pres. ex-officio.

C. W. Marwedel, '85, Vice-Pres. ex-officio.

Willard Fuller, '84, Secretary.

A. A. Gordon, '86, Treasurer.

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#### DIRECTORS.

Willard Fuller, '84.

A. A. Gordon, '86.

J. C. Setchel, '84.

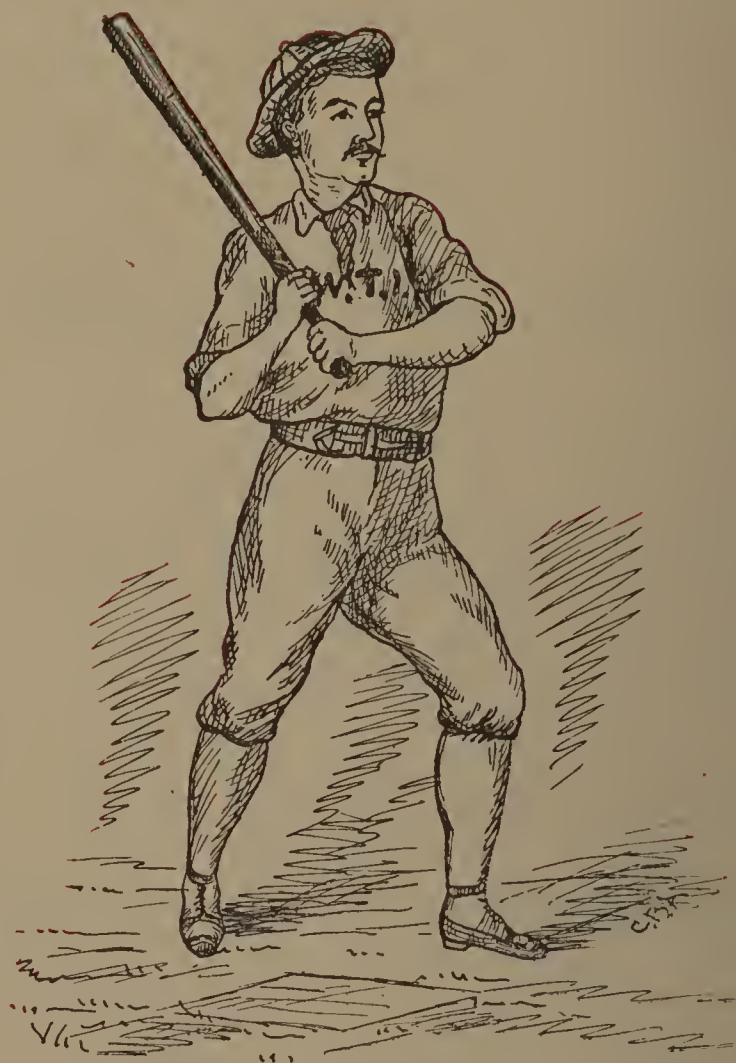
H. H. Allen, '86.

F. L. Rogers, '85.

E. H. Fairbanks, '87.

Y. F. Thayer, '85.





*W. T. I. BASE BALL CLUB.*

---

Willard Fuller, Manager and Captain.

G. H. Cushing, '84, c.

R. H. Aldrich, '84, 3d b.

Willard Fuller, '84, p.

B. E. McDonald, '84, 1. f.

A. S. Ewen, '86, 1st b.

M. B. Kaven, '85, c. f.

J. H. Churchill, '84, 2d b.

A. A. Gordon, r. f.

W. F. Brooks, '84, s. s.

W. H. Oakes, Sub.

*CLASS NINES.*

---

'84.

G. H. Cushing, c., Captain.

Willard Fuller, p.

J. C. Setchel, 1b.

J. C. Churchill, 2b.

R. H. Aldrich, 3b.

W. F. Brooks, s. s.

B. E. McDonald, l. f.

E. D. Priest, c. f.

H. H. Small, r. f.

'86.

A. A. Gordon, 1b.

W. C. Wesson, c.

H. H. Allen, 3b.

A. B. Fairbanks, l. f.

E. G. Watkins, 2b.

C. E. Cleveland, s. s.

A. W. McArthur, r. f.

E. H. Pinney, c. f.

W. H. Oakes, p.

F. C. Whittelsey, Sub.

'87.

J. F. McNab, p.

W. W. Bird, c.

W. W. Burlingham, 1b.

E. H. Fairbanks, 2b.

F. S. Emery, 3b.

J. C. Knight, s. s.

I. S. Fish, l. f.

J. A. Rourke, c. f.

W. A. McClurg, Jr., r. f.

M. S. Miller, Sub.



## THE "TECH" TENNIS CLUB

### TENNIS CLUB.

---

President, Jos. Beals, '85.

Vice-President, W. F. Brooks, '84.

Secretary and Treasurer, E. S. Watkins, '86.

#### MEMBERS.

W. F. Brooks, '84.

D. W. C. Wheeler, '86.

J. Beals, '85.

H. W. Carter, '86.

F. S. Webber, '85.

L. W. Southgate, '85.

E. G. Watkins, '86.

E. W. Ela, '85.

Ralph Woodward, '85.

C. E. Cleveland, '86.

H. B. Sawyer, '86.

G. G. Burr, '86.





*W. T. I. ORCHESTRA.*

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Leader, G. J. Melms, '84, 'cello.

J. G. Aldrich, '85, flute.

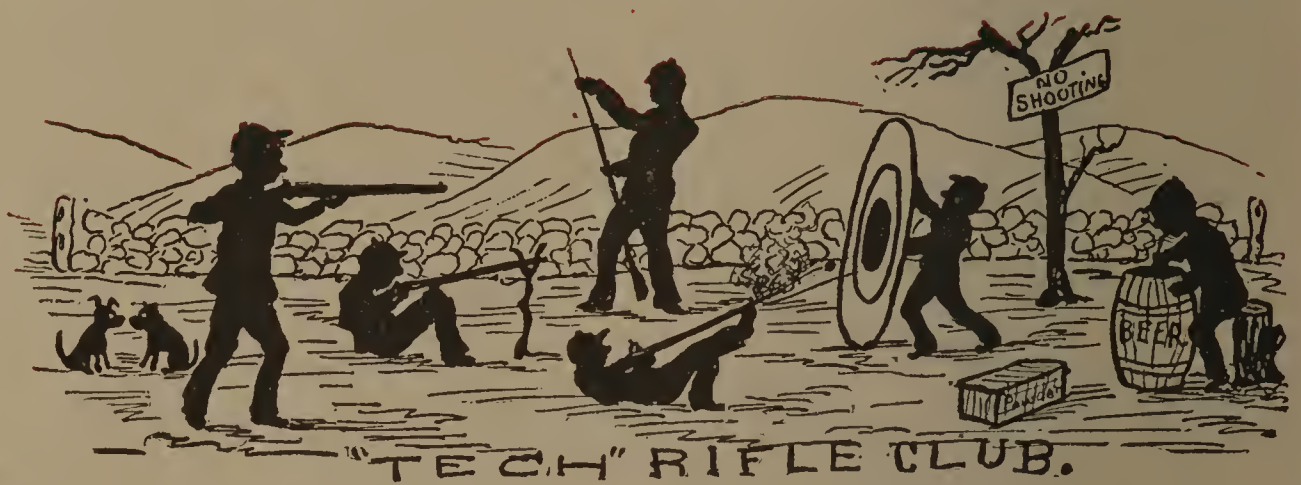
S. M. Green, '85, violin.

J. C. Miller, '85, clarionet.

F. S. Webber, violin.

W. Fuller, '84, cornet.

R. H. Aldrich, '84, violin.



*W. T. I. RIFLE CLUB.*

---

M. J. Patterson, '85, President.

A. D. Risteen, '85, Sec. and Treas.

C. B. Albree, '84, Scorer.

F. L. Stevens, '84, Marker.

MEMBERS.

S. M. Green, '85.

C. B. Albree, '84.

M. J. Patterson, '85.

F. L. Stevens, '84.

A. D. Risteen, '85.





*GLEE CLUB AND CHAPEL CHOIR.*

---

Willard Fuller, '84, Leader.

**FIRST TENORS.**

Willard Fuller, '84.  
G. H. Cushing, '84.

**SECOND TENORS.**

A. H. Wheeler, '84.  
A. H. Allen, '84.  
F. K. Rogers, '85.

**FIRST BASS.**

F. S. Webber, '85.  
G. H. Burr, '86.

**SECOND BASS.**

W. H. Oakes, '86.  
D. C. Wheeler, '86.

Organist, H. H. Allen.





*CARD CLUBS.*

---

LINCOLN SQUARE WHIST CLUB.

W. Fuller, '84.

G. H. Cushing, '84.

H. H. Small, '84, and the Doctor.

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WEST STREET WHIST CLUB.

G. H. Cushing, '84.

A. L. Stone, '84.

E. D. Priest, '84.

W. C. Johnson, '84.

EDITORIAL WHIST CLUB.

A. L. Stone, '84.

W. C. Johnson, '84.

C. B. Albree, '84.

W. F. Brooks, '84.

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DIX ST. POKER CLUB.

J. C. Setchel, '84.

F. L. Stevens, '84.

A. D. Stevens, '84.

G. J. Melms, '84.

(Play for matches only)

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SKY PARLOR POKER CLUB.

C. B. Albree, '84.

W. C. Johnson, '84.

E. D. Priest, '84.

Dan. Knowlton, '84.

“Keep quiet, boys! Sick woman down stairs.”



### '84 TELEPHONE ASSOCIATION.

Pres., A. D. Stevens, '84. Sec. and Treas., C. B. Albree, '84.

#### MEMBERS.

A. D. Stevens, '84.	C. B. Albree, '84.	J. C. Setchel, '84.
G. J. Melms, '84.	F. L. Stevens, '84.	R. H. Aldrich, '84.
W. C. Bryant, '84.	C. S. Phelps, '84.	

### WEST SIDE TELEPHONE ASSOCIATION.

G. H. Cushing, '84, Pres. E. E. Johnson, '84, Sec. and Treas.

#### MEMBERS.

A. L. Stone, '84.	G. H. Cushing, '84.	E. E. Johnson, '84.
E. D. Priest, '84.	W. C. Johnson, '84.	

(Last two are members in name only, as they were too lazy to put up the wire.)



'84 ORCHESTRA.

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Leader, C. B. Albree, '84.

1st Flute, C. B. Albree, '84.

2d Flute, F. L. Stevens, '84.

Violin, R. H. Aldrich, '84.

Pianist, Willard Fuller, '84.

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'84 QUINTETTE.

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Willard Fuller, '84.

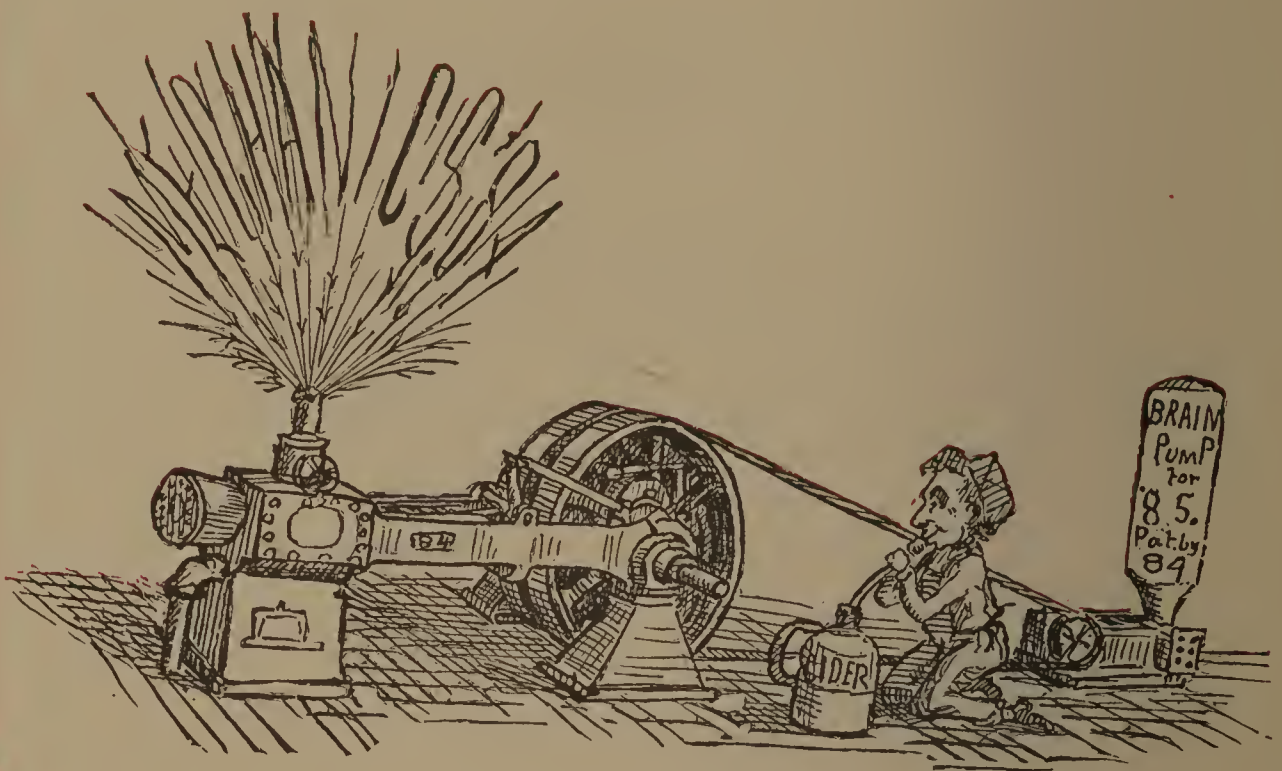
G. H. Cushing, '84.

A. H. Wheeler, '84.

A. H. Allen, '84.

L. D. O'Connell, '84.





## “Mechanics.”

Just before seven o'clock in the dim light of an intensely cold morning in February, 1881, a passer-by would have seen seventeen young fellows, with overalls and blouses under their arms, straggling towards the shop connected with the W. T. I.

Upon the eyes of many unaccustomed to such early rising might have been seen the dew of sweet sleep still lingering, but with firm tread and happy laugh they ascended the “*hill of learning*,” and donning the regulation suit which made many look like Australian convicts, they appeared before “O. M.” to form the apprentice class of '84.

This class, the nucleus of the Mechanical Engineers of '84, spent six happy months in the wood room, so happy that often since many of its members have spoken of the pleasures they enjoyed during that time, when under “O. M.’s” watchful eye they learned the true art of carpentry. During these six months we not only learned how to manufacture the various pieces of furniture and toys as are the allotted tasks, but we also tortured O. M., experimented with the buzz saw and our fingers, and taught “O. M.” the scientific game of billiards. The turning of hat-rack pins was, perhaps, our greatest achievement, with the single exception of *loafing*, the seeds of which were then planted, and have since grown to alarming proportions.

At the Spring examination we lost two of our members, but nothing daunted, and conscious of the success we had attained in winning the

good will of our friends, the upper class men, we met again in the Fall to welcome the new men, who came twenty-seven strong, to join with us in invading the mysteries of iron working. We were a jolly set; not that I mean to say that the rest of the class were not of the same good nature, but for our own part, we at times fairly made the old shop howl. Being of course a little *green* as to the working of the shop, we at first observed the rules quite carefully, and each man took care to provide himself with soap and towels; but this did not last long, for we soon found that any soap, towel, hair, etc., that we could find, borrow, or even steal, was just as good to remove the dirt as any we could ourselves furnish, and besides, such means of procuring saved lots of trouble. On account of this, soap stock rose to high figures, and soon threatened to leave the market, but generally when this time drew near a new class would enter and water the stock.

In the shop we worked on bolts, snagged castings and turned drawing stands, till they rose before us in numbers innumerable and threatened us with lasting punishment. The tools we used were wonderful to look at, and would have puzzled an experienced mechanic to tell their uses, so fearfully were their shapes abused under our unskillful hands, but even this art we mastered before the end of the year.

During this year the loafing increased and the new men quickly learned the methods employed in eluding overseer, book-keeper and even superintendent, to enjoy an hour's rest and smoke 'neath the gently moving hemlocks in the grove.

We lost many men this year owing to the "T. E. N. E.'s" careful weeding, but we began our Middle year with twenty-two mechanics.

This year we were advanced to better work and spent most of our time in making three engine lathes.

The soap stock went far above par at this period and overalls were renewed more frequently, although at the expense of a "*wetting*" from the owners.

Some of the members acquired the habit of bringing luncheons of apples and doughnuts, but boys who have once learned the knack of stealing soap are not long in finding the methods of spiriting away eatables, and frequently a member of the class would be seen striding about the shop with downcast look and the flame of anger in his eye, as he patiently hunted for his missing doughnuts. This year, as well as the Junior, we were obliged to serve our turn under the benign oversight of George, the engineer, while shoveling coal or raking ashes.

This year, too, we began to "*cut*" in earnest, and often the shop, about two o'clock, would be nearly empty, causing wonder on the part



of the overseer as to where the boys had gone. Little he knew of the escapes to the ball ground, lake or grove, and the many hours the shop would lose (?) on this account. But before six they would all return with the same innocent expression upon their faces as if they had only been in the wood room or blacksmith shop.

In the Fall of '83 we began our last year with but sixteen men, but as we had decided to build a Straight Line Engine, we went to work in earnest, determined to show the school what we could do. We worked hard this term, harder, I may say, than we had ever done before, and by the end of the February vacation had the engine running in a manner very satisfactory to all, and we were happy in the knowledge that we had done it all ourselves in a less time than any preceding class.

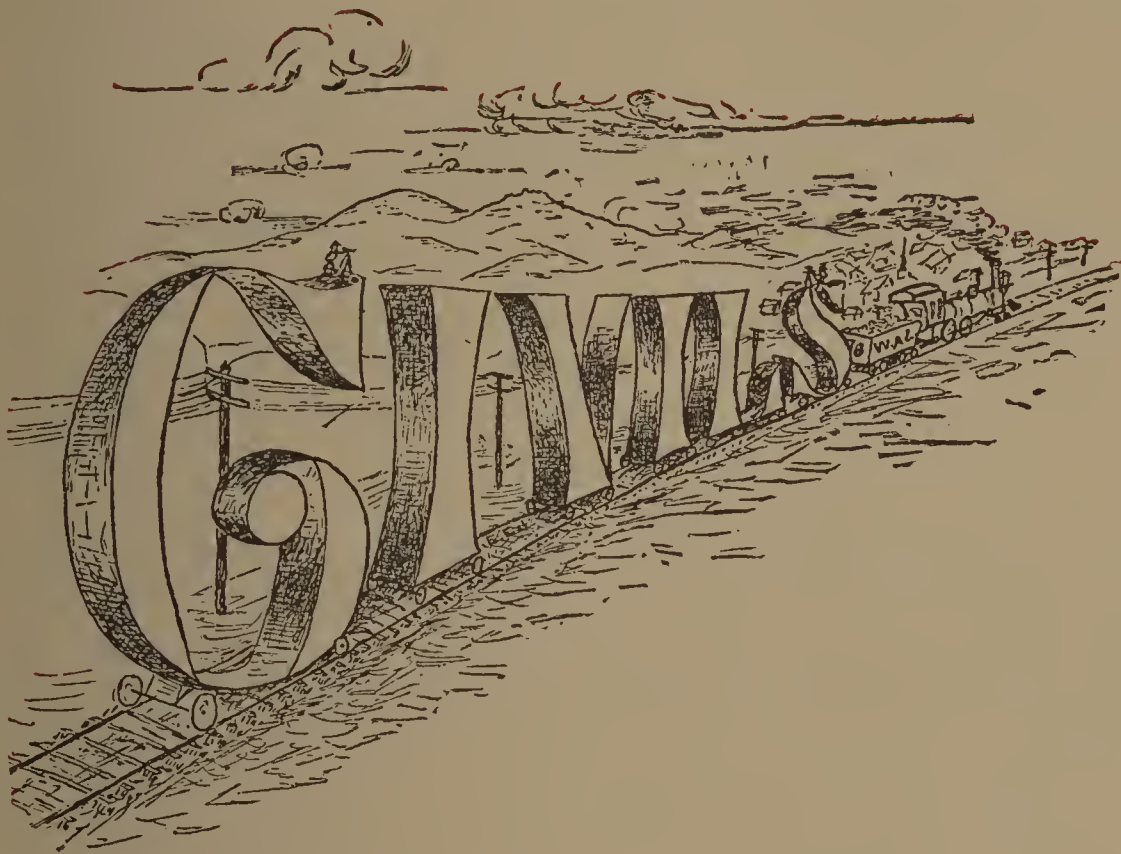
Besides this engine work, some of the members of the class displayed their ability of invention, producing, among other things, a dynamo machine and an electric lamp. Our shop practice is at length finished, and in spite of our pranks and fun, there is no member of the class but will look back on these past years, and acknowledge that his practice in the shop is of equal value with his theoretical knowledge gained in the school.

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## “MY PARDNER.”

AN ALLEGORY.

Once on a time an ass was seen  
Who resembled a lion in form and mien.  
Now, as long as this ass kept a silence discreet,  
A more terrible lion you'd not wish to meet;  
But the instant he spoke all fear fled away,  
For the ass stood revealed by the sound of his Bray.



Among the number of those who weathered the entrance examination on the 30th of August, 1881, were 15 aspirants for the title of civil engineer.

During the first six months of our life at the Tech. we had no interests apart from the rest of the class, but together with them we wrestled with algebra, geometry and Dutch.

At the end of this time the ruthless band known as the Faculty, lead on by the stealthy but cruel Tenny, bore down on us and carried off eight of our number, none of whom have been heard from since.

From that time on we have been free from the invasions of this band. Though our number has been thinned, it has been from other causes.

With the beginning of the next term our existence as a separate division commenced.

From this time on the pleasantest part of our life at the Tech. has been that spent in the work of our special department.

At this point we were joined by O'Connell, who had been captured from the ranks of '83 by the band before mentioned, but had escaped and made his way back to us.

We were first placed in charge of Sneider, under whose instruction we learned — none of us can recall anything we did learn.

As soon as the weather admitted of out-door work we were turned over to the care of J. P. K. Otis, under whose direction we commenced the actual work of civil engineering.

The first morning we proceeded to the "Bliss pasture," where part of us proved by actual measurement that the angular space around a point was not four right angles, while the rest indulged in "duck on the rock."

Our first piece of work was the Sunny Side triangle.

Later on we made a survey of Rural Cemetery, *taking in* the Prescott Street grocery, where Howe discovered that they sold *sweet* cider.

Here is where J. P. developed that skill in spearing bull-frogs which has since made him famous.

At the commencement of the Middle year, as we were beginning the location of the "proposed street from Salisbury Street to the Jo Bill Road," W. C. Johnson joined us.

We next proceeded to obtain data for the "Plan Showing Proposed Flowage Line of Coe's Reservoir Raised Three Feet Above Present High Water."

"Nobody knows the trouble we see'd" on this piece of work.

After tramping the two long miles from the Tech. out there, somebody had almost invariably forgotten some requisite, and, if our wits were not equal to providing a substitute, would have to return for it, which would take the rest of the half day.

On one occasion, while the transit man was exploring for stakes, a gentle bovine took his place at the instrument, after which the latter took a trip to Boston for repairs.

But our visits to this region were not wholly without their pleasures.

By locating a north and south line in the yard of "Ryan the boatman" we got free use of the boats.

Boating on and swimming in the pond made many an hour pass the quicker.

Fellows of an exploring turn of mind discovered a cider mill and several apple and chestnut orchards in the vicinity.

Eluding their owners furnished us fun, as well as fruit. This work occupied us during the first half of the Middle year. About the end of the term our number was diminished by the loss of "Van," our highly esteemed heavy-weight, who entered upon the active work of his profession in an office in the city.

After a preparatory course in Henck under "Johnny" we struck out on the survey of the Worcester Air Line R. R.

This line, about four miles in length, was rapidly pushed to completion, and the end of the year saw the completion of the plan, which, as a whole, did credit to the skill of the division.



On our return in the Fall of '83, much to our surprise, we found two of our best men gone.

One had been caught in the toils of matrimony and gone, with his bride, to his home in the South. The other had decided not to return.

During the Senior year, no more of those excursions into the country, which we found so pleasant during the first part of our course, have been allowed us.

The first part of the year we spent in the study of earthwork and stereotomy under "Johnny." We were obliged to spend only one hour of our practice days at the Tech., on which account we were greatly envied by the members of the other departments.

At the beginning of the second term of Senior year we found ourselves in the hands of a new professor, Mr. White having taken the place of Mr. Otis, and having been given the whole charge of the department.

Several innovations on the customs of the department were at once made.

The ominous presence of an excuse book, a thing never before heard of in the civil department, reminded us that we must be there at 7 in the morning, something no Civil had ever done except on rare occasions.

Then, much to our surprise, we were told that we mustn't whistle in the practice room.



Yet we have found Mr. White, on the whole, an efficient instructor, and, though we regret that the portly form and genial countenance of Mr. Otis, who was ever ready to enliven the practice hour with a little fun, are to be lost to the department, we are satisfied to leave the future classes in his charge, feeling assured that, though they may not be able to skip a stone as far, or strike a hatchet into a tree, or spear a bull-frog, with such unerring aim, as the members of '84, they will reap advantages in other directions to compensate for it.



## The Chemists.

January 23d, 1882, the Chemists of '84 began their special course at the W. T. I. under the directorship of Prof. Barnes.

The Chemists numbered four, but during the first six months our labor was made pleasant by one of the Civils, who undertook to study chemistry. This latter youth was an excellent musician, and the dulcet tones of his voice were heard from morning till night. He would sing anything from "Hold the Fort" to "The Mascotte." Once, and once only, in the course, have the rest of us essayed to sing in chorus. That once was enough. Prof. Barnes came rushing out with the request that we stop immediately, as the building was settling.

The first fortnight of our course was devoted to blow-pipe analysis. During the first week we were, of course, quiet and attentive to our work, but as we became accustomed to our surroundings, Keith's intellect began to manifest itself in such efforts as the following:—

"Keithy, light the gas, will you?"

"I *gas* I will."

Not till then did we realize the greatness of the chemical mind, but for the next month Keith and Jim gave us no peace.

Our next work was wet analysis, and here we began to be Chemists in earnest. The fumes and odors which at times pervaded the whole building were abundant evidence that we were not idle. Sulphuretted hydrogen, the Civils' songs and Keith's puns made up the conglomeration which initiated us into the study of chemistry proper.

The first half passed by with no excitement, and in June, '82, we parted to enjoy our first vacation.

In September we returned, and found ourselves the sole possessors of the laboratory, with no Senior or Junior Chemists to interfere with us, and without the Civil, who left the laboratory for green

fields and the entertaining stories of Mr. Otis. Although we were extremely sorry to lose him, we feel that it was for the good of both himself and the science of chemistry that he bade us farewell.

Thus the original four began the study of quantitative analysis. During this term Mac and Keith fully investigated the amount of sand necessary to add to bring the weight of a precipitate up to the standard, and Keith's intellect continued to expand. His advanced efforts are represented by the following example:—

“Keithy, have you a rubber?”

“I don't know *where-rubber* I have or not.”\*

Among the pleasant recollections of our course are the pitched battles which were carried on with our wash bottles. In these contests Mac and Stein were generally principals, while Keith seconded the former, and Jim backed up Stein. One famous struggle deserves mention. In this, Mac and Stein were, as usual, instigators and principal actors. The backers were as above mentioned, and a referee was selected.

The referee called time, and the mill commenced. The first round was marked by light sparring on both sides. In the second both parties warmed up, and some heavy exchanges were made. Round three, Mac forced Stein into a corner; Stein picked up a sponge filled with all the choice solutions of a laboratory. Round four, Stein advanced with his sponge, and Mac, disregarding all rules, bolted for the door. Stein mounted a bench and watched the door. Round five, the door opened cautiously, and Stein fired his sponge. It flew straight to the mark and struck, not Mac, but poor John Hurley squarely in the face. The referee was about to give the laurels to Stein and Jim, when the entrance of Prof. Barnes caused a postponement.

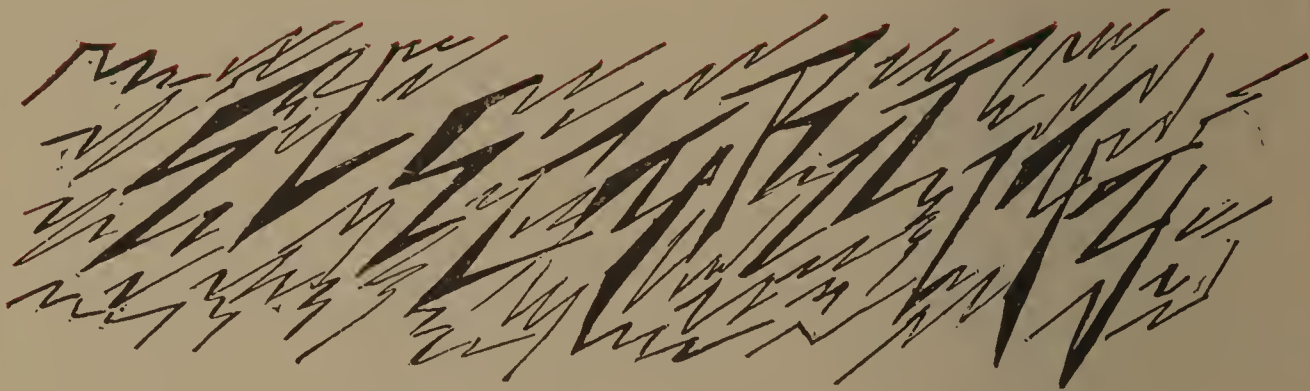
Thus, with considerable work and a few outbreaks, the Middle year passed. At the end of this year Prof. Barnes severed his connection with the Institute, and the Chemists were very sorry to lose him, as their relations with him, both as a teacher and a gentleman, had been of the pleasantest.

We entered upon our Senior year under the directorship of Dr. Kinnicut, who is ably assisted by F. G. Short, Ph. D.

During this year but little of importance has happened. More serious thoughts possess us now than a year ago. We see the near end of our course, and as we say farewell to the smoky laboratory, it is not without a feeling of regret. And as a gift to those who come after us, we bequeath our soap and towels and Jim's favorite motto, “*Patientia omnia vincit.*”

\* A key will be sent on application to the editors.





## The Electricians.

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In this age of electricity it is no wonder that, when the class of '84 came to make a study of that science, they became very much interested and wished to go farther into the study of the mysterious "fluid."

In the Junior year we received a few preliminary lectures — just a tantalizing taste. Near the close of the year Professor Kimball, keenly alive to the importance of electricity and noting the interest manifested by the class, mentioned the possibility of his being able to give a series of practical experiments to a part of the class, if they would study up and pass an examination in Heat. Many of us were only too glad of this and determined to read up Heat during vacation. We were finally told that the practice would not come till the Senior year; the matter was dropped for a time, and the vacation was spent, like most of our breathing spells, in loafing. How an '84 man can loaf when he sets out!

During the greater part of the Middle year Professor Kimball was unable to attend to his classes at the Tech. on account of his health, and our Ganots were laid away in dusky corners, the remoter the better. But the Frenchman was only biding his time. Near the close of the year we were notified that a limited number would be allowed electrical practice during the next term, the conditions being the same as before.

These conditions were not considered difficult, and the limited number had soon made application. It would be a very easy thing to read Heat, instead of novels, on rainy days; there would need be nothing irksome about it at all. Ganots were raked out of their hiding places and the places to be learned were marked with unfaltering hands, though the dry subject dragged its slow length through two hundred pages.

O, for a wizard's wand to dispel the fatal gaily-colored enchantments of distance! But we were young; we did not know that the vacation (our last long one, too) was to be crowded with all manner

of amusements, best calculated to make us wish heat, practical and theoretical, far away in its legendary hole. But I am over-reaching. Bidding farewell to the Tech. and our Middle year, we wended our ways homeward — Seniors. Upon again breathing the air of home, we banished all thoughts of study from our minds and zealously courted the phantom, Pleasure, in the hope of effecting an integration of our brains, so ruthlessly differentiated by our close application to Calculus and Dutch. In this we were successful, but time flew so fast and was so full of enjoyment that heat was given the cold shoulder. A few of us did “read it over,” but the real students were fewer.

It was comical to see one of the would-be elect step up to another, and, with an air of careless bravery, say, “Well, I suppose you have got Heat down dead, haven’t you?” But it was truly pitiful to hear the victim answer, with a ghastly smile, “No, hardly looked at it.” The examination was put off a week or two, and then the dreaded storm burst upon us. We filed into the lecture room with a look of “nothing venture, nothing have” on our faces. But, greatly to our delight, it was soon made evident that a class in Electrical Practice was very much desired and must be had at any price. After writing the alphabet of Heat, we filed out, much improved in spirits, and we soon learned that every one, ten in all, had passed. When the others heard of the ease of the examination they put on serious faces and declared that they really wanted the lectures on Heat. We winked sympathetically and kept our counsel. After the lectures on Electricity were finished we began our work. Mr. Salisbury, our honored President, had put the necessary funds into the department of Physics, and we found new and complete apparatus for electrical tests and measurements. Power had been for some time brought over from the shop, and Professor Kimball had built a fair-sized dynamo, his own invention; thus the laboratory was very well equipped. The question of firmer foundations for the more delicate apparatus must be met and settled before experiments can, at all times, be conducted successfully. We were often at a critical point in an experiment and mentally consigning the first man who stirred to the plagues of Egypt, when some Middler would carelessly drop his overshoe at the other end of the building; everything would shake and we would have to wait for the instruments to settle. The list of experiments which the Professor had laid out for us proved a very interesting and practical one, consisting mostly of measurements. The first thing was the determination of the dynamometer constant; then followed measurements of resistances, electro-motive force and current of the commoner kinds of batteries, capacity of condenser, magnetic declination, coefficient of torsion of a fibre suspending a magnet, efficiency of a dynamo, and



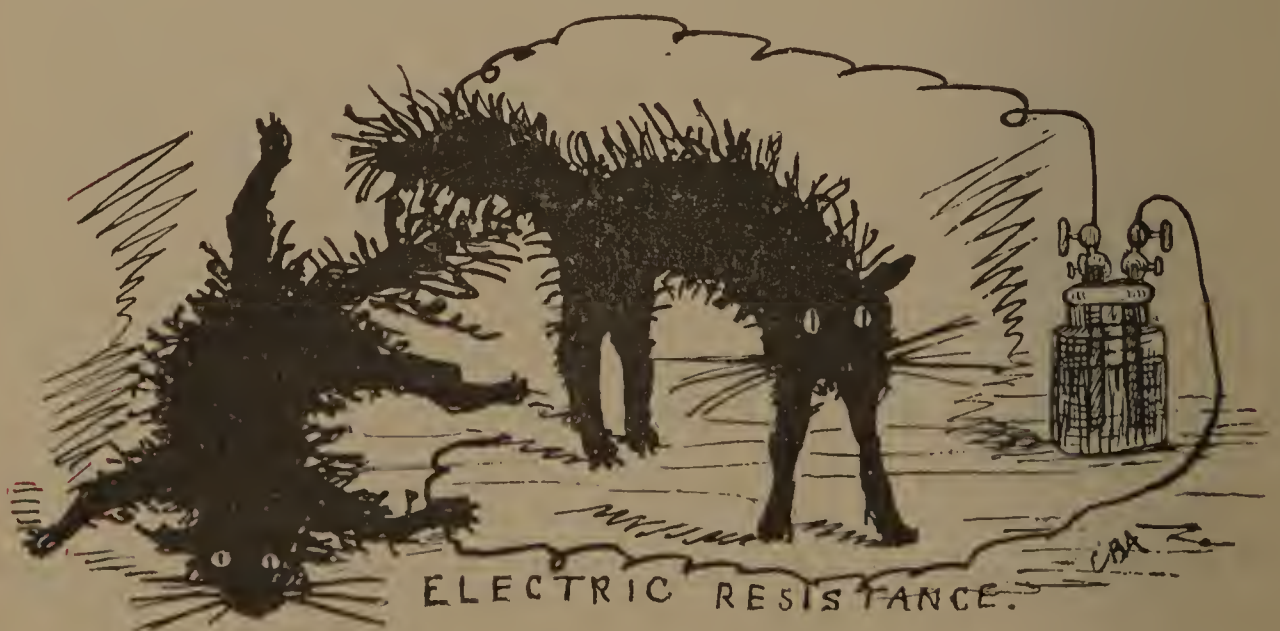
others equally interesting. We were often asked, "What is the practical use of all this?" I will take space to indicate two examples.

Given, a dog's tail (usually in connection with a live dog), a piece of clothesline and a tin can, all connected in the usual elementary manner. Find the coefficient of torsion of the line when the dog is brought to a standstill by the line describing an involute around a hitching post.

Again: Given, a chimney on a three-story house, a black cat, and A. D.'s battery. What will be the electro-motive force developed in the cat's fur at the time and point of contact, velocity of the cat being equal to that of light? Many other beautiful and eminently practical applications of the principles of electrical measurements may be made, but these will suffice for examples.

As an outgrowth of the class' work in electricity, the two rival telephone companies may be mentioned. The first, as regards time of establishment, was run by the Dix Street neighborhood; the other by the "West Street crowd." The former had a larger list of subscribers (to the laboratory fee), but the latter excelled in regard to excellence of apparatus. The reception given by the Dix Street company to the rest of the class was an occasion of hilarity as well as scientific interest. The company showed themselves to be royal entertainers, and when the social disbanded late in the evening the welkin rang with the hearty cheer of '84 given in honor of "The Mutual Associated etc., Telephone Corporation (limited)."

An article on this subject would not be complete without a word in regard to Professor Kimball, who, by his untiring patience and kindness, and unflagging interest in the welfare and progress of the students, has won the unqualified esteem and respect of the class of '84. We appreciate his efforts and are grateful to him.





# Rules and Regulations.

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Good order in school to preserve

Each student these rules must observe:

No whistling at all

In class-room or hall,

No scuffling or play,—

Please heed what I say.

Don't mark on the wall,

Or attempt to play ball

In the space 'tween the school and the shop.

Don't smoke on the grounds,

Nor make uncouth sounds.

Don't rush down the stairs,

Nor whisper in prayers.

And just one thing more:

Don't forget to restore

The things you've purloined from the school.



## The Morals of '84.

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There is a story going the rounds of the papers which most of the class have probably read. It relates how, many years ago, long before the invention of the Electric Hair Brush, or the discovery of the Integral Calculus, a newly-wedded couple were spending their honeymoon at a celebrated watering place just south of the Caucasus Mountains. The groom was a type of perfect manhood, and was thoroughly "English" from the cut of his whiskers to the cut of his clothes. The bride was "*from Boston, you know,*" and was very "*cultured.*" One morning, as the story goes, she was alone in the large orchard, where she met an evil spirit in the form of a snake. Now it can be proved that if this incident had occurred a few thousand years later, this evil spirit would have been in the shape of a member of the Faculty; but as the "Tech." was then at an experimental stage, the "old boy" was ignorant of the possibilities of the future, and thought that he would crawl. He invited the lady to eat one of his apples. Now at this, as at all well-regulated summer resorts, it was one of the well-known rules that the guests should refrain from shooting on the premises, or picking the fruit from the trees without the permission of the proprietor. This the lady knew full well, but her curiosity to taste of the forbidden fruit was too strong, and would be gratified. Accordingly she picked and ate some of the fruit and took some for her husband. He was frightened at what had occurred, but made up his mind "to see her through." But the thing got out, and as his plea of emotional insanity was not sustained, they left the next day for Narragansett Pier.

Now this is said to be the first time in the world's history that a sin was committed. At all events, it is the first time that the sinner was found out, and we of the present day are excusable for whatever wrong we may commit on the ground of the moral taint in our blood. This story is related to remind the reader that all mankind is naturally depraved, and that the following confessions of our faults must be received with charity.

In our class of twenty-five all but two drink cider, and thirteen drink other things not named in the list of temperance beverages. Of these thirteen, one drinks occasionally, and the others when anyone will "shout." Six get full; one whenever his brother comes to see him, and the others when they go to Boston. We have these facts upon the authority of the Faculty, who have made a lengthy and exhaustive examination of the subject. If you don't believe that the Faculty are posted on this subject ask the Middlers. Twelve smoke; ten all the time and two on special occasions. Twelve play "poker;" four of them play for "*fun*," one for fun if he loses, and the rest for the "*filthy lucre*." The fact that twelve play this "*classic*" game must not be associated with the fact that twelve smoke, as the two are incongruous. Two chew tobacco; one only when in the shop, the other everywhere. Only a few swear all the time, but nearly all swear when "*riled*." Losing at poker or billiards shows what a man is capable of in this line. Nearly all steal soap and doughnuts in the shop. In recovering the value of the chemical fee, one of the class is noted; what he won't steal is not worth stealing. His room is a chemical and physical laboratory combined with a machine shop attachment. Seventeen "crib" on examinations. We ought not to give this away, because the Faculty may "drop" on the Middlers who sit at our feet and imbibe knowledge on this subject. All lie; for when Professor Alden asks: "*All understand?*" every head is nodded. Alden nods his head and proceeds.

It is very difficult to find out how many go out on the "*mash*," but there are a great many who have regular "*Sunday girls*." There are several of us who never go to church, and only one or two of us go regularly. Some work on Sunday. One does more work on this day than during the remainder of the week. He usually spends the day in arranging the articles he has recovered to balance his chemical fee.

Our fighting men have nearly all disappeared. We had five at one time, but now there is but one left. He is the hero of one fight and noted as being one of the seconds in another. In his fight there



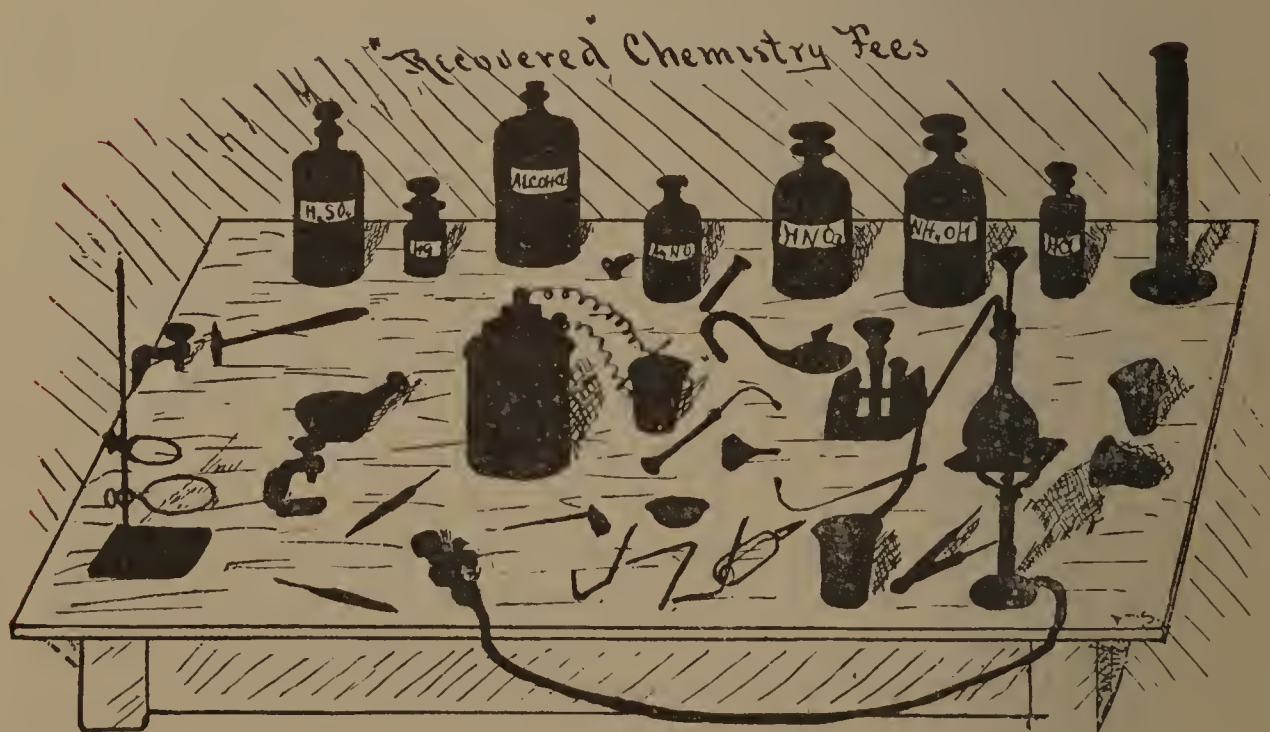
were no witnesses, but he *says* he "*licked*" the other man. However, S——s had a bloody nose and no marks were found on F——r, so we drew our own inferences.

One of our class is always ambitious to do a good deed. One night, while we were sliding on our class "*double*," two girls wanted a slide, and on the first ride down the hill, he took particular pains to hold up the feet of the fellow sitting behind him. He either did this out of kindness or else made a mistake in the feet.

The school as a whole has a bad reputation; for, if a sign is changed, or a gate is unhung, or if a crowd is heard going through the streets at midnight, singing and shouting, the verdict immediately is, "It is them d—d Techs."

But to make up for all this, and to show the world that the class is not "wholly destitute of moral perception," I must say that some of the class, among which number the writer is included, belong to a "*strictly moral show*." They go to church every Sunday, are prominent in the promotion of all good works, and one has an uncle who is superintendent of a Sunday school.

W. W. E.





A NEW COMEDY,  
ENTITLED

The Mystery Revealed;

OR,

WHO OWNED THE WOOD?

By J. C. WALLACE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DOC., . . . Principal of a small school in a New England village.  
HIGGINS, . . . The man who takes care of the little shop connected  
with the school.

SMITH, } . . . . . Teachers in the school.  
BALDY, }

GEO., . . . . . President of senior class.

DAN, . . . . . Treasurer of senior class.

BILL, }  
KLEIN, } . . . . . Members of senior class.  
BARRE, }  
CHESTER, }  
JOHN, }

Other students and teachers.

## ACT I.

*Scene 1.*—A secluded spot on the school grounds. Klein, Bill and John are discovered in earnest conversation.

*John.* Well, boys, the arrangements for our fire are pretty much completed. We have got a barrel of tar, twenty gallons of kerosene and a load of barrels.

*Bill.* We must have some wood. How much money is there left?

*Klein.* (After a few minutes' figuring in a note-book.) There's only \$1.50.

*John.* What the deuce are we going to do?

*Bill.* (After a minute's thought.) What's the matter with the big pile back of the shop?

*Klein and John.* Good!

*Scene 2.*—The grounds in front of the school-house. A big bonfire is burning in the foreground. Back of the fire are a crowd of students blowing fog-horns.

*Bill.* (To George.) Let's go and serenade some of the profs.

*George.* We'll go over and give Higgins a blast. Fall in, boys!

[Exit in line.]

## ACT II.

*Scene 1.*—Doc.'s office. Doc. seated at the table. Enters Higgins, looking somewhat tired and very ugly.

*Doc.* Good morning, Mr. Higgins. Are you well this morning?

*Hig.* Yes; only I didn't get much sleep last night, those boys made such an infernal din.

*Doc.* Well, it was New Year's eve. We'll have to put up with such things once in a while, I suppose.

*Hig.* But they stole part of that wood out back of the shop.

*Doc.* Is that so? We must get something out of them for that. Was it valuable wood?



*Hig.* No! It wasn't good for anything.

*Doc.* So much the better. We need a little money just now for running expenses—a liquidating fund, as it were. That money we got out of the boys who don't practise in the laboratory is getting about gone.

*Hig.* How can we manage so as to get the most out of them?

*Doc.* Let me see. Ah, I have it! I'll tell them the wood belonged to a certain gentleman not belonging to the school. I'll tell them that he left it with me, and they can pay me what they have a mind to, and I will see that he gets it. They won't know who the man is, and they will offer a good sum to smooth it over.

*Hig.* Big head, Doc.!

*Both sing:*

Bold and crafty schemers we,  
Crafty to devise a bill;  
When stern fate doth decree  
We must our empty pockets fill.

*Scene 2.*—A hall in the school-house. Doc. lying in wait for some one. Enters George on his way to class.

*Doc.* (Intercepting him.) Mr. —, your class took a little wood from back of the shop the other night. Now I think that you ought to pay for it, just from the principle of the thing. You see the wood didn't belong to the school.

*George.* Whom did it belong to?

*Doc.* Well, I don't want to say, but the gentleman said that you might pay me for it, as much as you have a mind to. I would like to have you bring it before the class.

*George.* I will.

### ACT III.

*Scene 1.*—Doc.'s office. Doc. seated at the table. Enter Ches., Barre and John.

*John.* We came in to see about that wood.

*Doc.* (Looking as solemn as an undertaker.) Well, you see, the

wood did not belong to you, but you have destroyed it, and you ought to pay for it, and——

*John.* We are willing to pay for it, if we can find who owned it.

*Doc.* The gentleman who owned the wood didn't wish to send in a bill. He left it with me, and you can pay to me whatever you wish.

*Ches.* We don't know what it is worth.

*Doc.* I don't either; but seeing that you took it in such a way, your sense of honor will probably impel you to offer a good sum, and I have no doubt that he will be satisfied.

*John.* But we have no authority to do any such thing. If you have a bill, we will pay it, or if you will tell us who owned the wood we will settle with him.

(The cloud which has been gathering over Doc.'s countenance settles into a dark frown.)

*Doc.* Then you prefer it in that form. (It is rapidly growing cold.)

*John.* Our instructions won't allow us to settle it in any other form.

*Doc.* I'll have to take time to find out about it. Let you know to-morrow.

[Exit committee.]

*Scene 2.*—The same. Doc., Higgins and several other teachers sitting around the room. Enter Smith closely followed by Baldy.

*Doc.* Well, Higgins, that scheme of ours doesn't work well. The boys don't come down with the cash. They say that they are willing to pay for the wood, but demand that the owner should set a price on it.

*Hig.* What can we do about it?

*Doc.* I think that you had better send in a bill yourself.

*Hig.* Oh, I don't dare to do that. The boys would be down on me more than they are now, and there is no knowing what they would do. They blew their horns at me the other night.

*Doc.* I told them it didn't belong to the school.

*Smith.* Why send them a bill? Make them pay without.

*Doc.* What reason can we give for such a course?

*Smith.* Reason! don't give them any reason. I don't believe in reason. I never gave a student a reason for anything in my life.

“Who reasons wise is not therefore wise;  
His pride in reasoning, not in acting, lies.”

*Baldy.* No, gentlemen, I don't think reasons are necessary.

*Doc.* But I don't think that course would be exactly fair. Their demands are perfectly just.

*Smith.* What's the need of treating 'em fairly? They can't expect to be always treated with fairness when they get out in the world. Why not accustom them to it here? Shall we yield the opportunity to show our authority simply from considerations of fairness?

*Baldy.* I do not think it is necessary to consider the fairness of the treatment.

*Doc.* Will you suggest some way in which your plan may be carried out? I don't exactly see. (Smith simply looks mad, and declines to say anything farther.) But I don't see just how I am going to get out of this. It won't answer to drop it now.

*Hig.* (Assuming an air of dignity.) Why not say that the wood belonged to the school and the shop?

*Doc.* That is a first-rate idea. I shall have to explain what I have already said by saying that I was under the impression that it belonged to you. I guess that I can charge them about \$3.00.

*Hig.* Well, I suppose that is more than the wood was worth, but it isn't enough to amount to much.

*Doc.* No, it isn't nearly as much as I hoped to have got, but I guess that it is about as much as they will pay, now that they know who it belongs to. We must get something out of them now, because it won't do to acknowledge to them that we are beaten. Do you all agree to the plan? (All give their assent but Smith and Baldy.) There, that's settled. Somebody mix the punch.



*Sings :*

We tried to work a scheme  
In a way which did crafty seem,  
Under plea of an offense  
Which called for recompense,  
To get the Seniors' money  
By means which were funny.  
But since we couldn't do it,  
Sponge it off! Sponge it off!

*Scene 3.*— The same. Doc. seated at the table. Enter Dan.

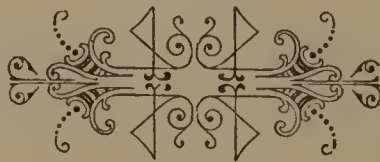
*Dan.* I came in to pay that bill. (Deposits the money and gets receipt.) Will it be necessary to get Higgins' signature on this, too?

*Doc.* No!!!

Frost begins to collect on Doc.'s beard, and Dan leaves with haste.

*Class outside singing :*

“Cold day when we get left;  
Whoop 'er up for '84!”



## Wants.

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Wanted. — A wig for “Baldy.”

Wanted. — Some “sand” for the “Preps.”

Wanted. — A full set of brains for Evans, '85.

Wanted. — A little more of Gallagher.

Wanted. — A bottle of anti-fat for Cook, '85.

Wanted. — A patent on my bow. Address Brown, '85.

Wanted. — A reclining chair for Sinclair's room.

Wanted. — Sealed proposals for cutting Ela's hair.

Wanted. — A wet nurse for Southgate, '85.

Wanted. — To know where Prof. White learned to dance.

Wanted. — A plug to expand my nose. Marshall, '86.

Wanted. — To know why Jack Aldrich goes to Uxbridge.

Wanted. — To know why Higgins, '85, is called M. P.'s niece.

Wanted. — An agent to sell Prof. Allen's theoretical impractical engine.

Wanted. — An efficient superintendent for the Washburn machine shop.

Wanted. — To know why we published the article from '85.

Wanted. — To know if Stiles, '85, can expectorate over his collar.

Wanted. — A patent on our new combination of green and red in Carter, '86.

Wanted. — Gordon, '86, to remember there are “moths” in the monitor's room.

Wanted. — To know why Pierpont threw in the back gears of a lathe to increase the speed.

Wanted. — A position as an athletic (as)thete by Prindle, '85.

Wanted. — A man to teach Geology who knows something about it.

Wanted. — To know if a certain Junior knows where the Waldo House is.

# Melpomenian Dramatic Company.

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[LIMITED.]

Proprietors,	. . . . .	W. F. I. connected with W. M. S.
Stage Manager,	. . . . .	REV. E. P. SMITH, D. G.
Scenic Artist,	. . . . .	EDWARD P. SMYTHE.
Stage Machinst,	. . . . .	P. EDWARD SMITH.
Costumes and Properties,	. . . . .	By SMITH.
Prompter,	. . . . .	SMITH, E. P.
Stage Director,	. . . . .	E. P. SMITH, Esq.

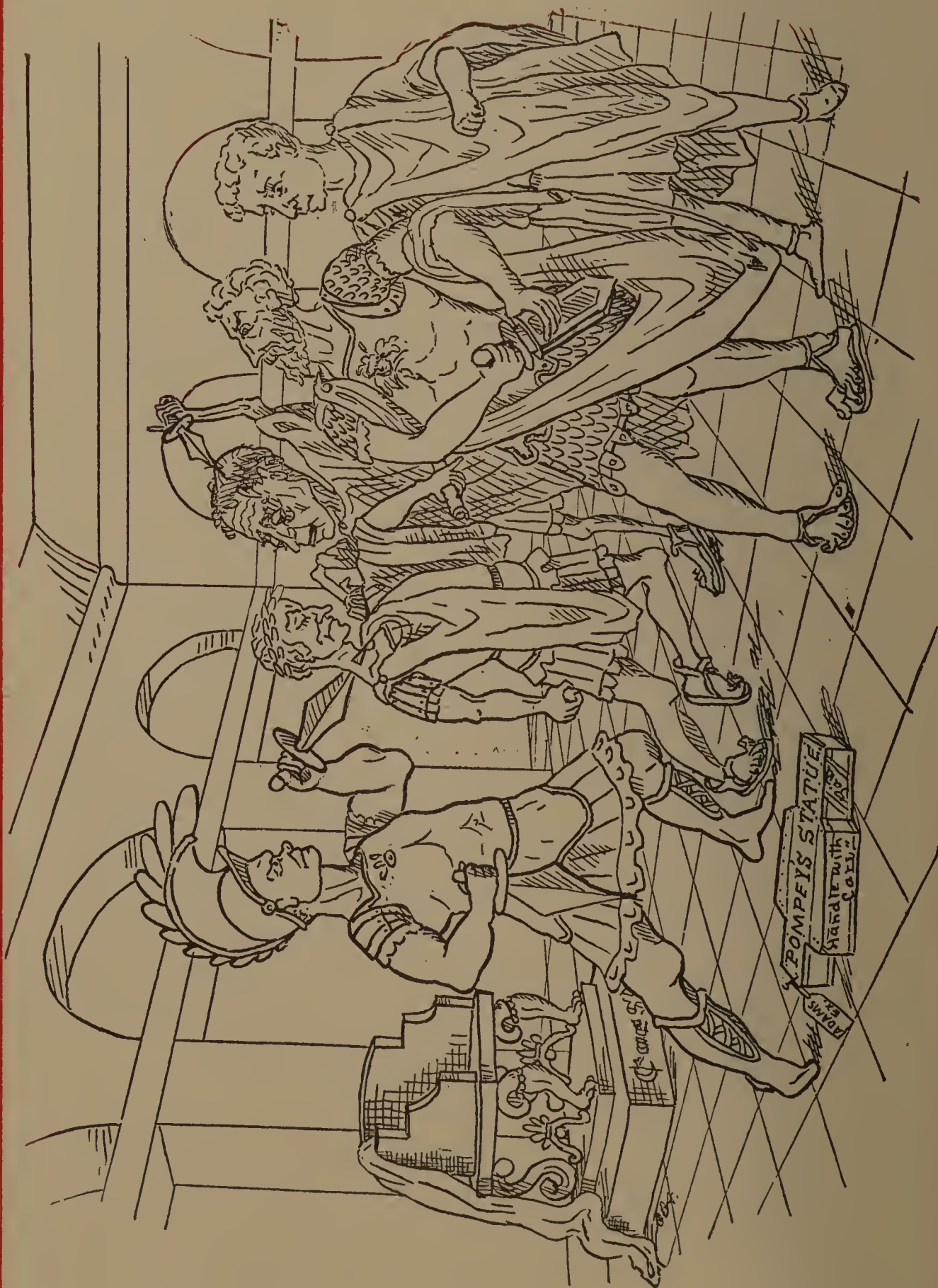
CHIN MUSIC BY ALL HANDS.



*Artists.*

1st Leading Gent, . . . . .	W. C. JOHNSON.
A Gent ( <i>for Sanford &amp; Co.</i> ), . . . . .	G. H. CUSHING.
Last Leading Gent ( <i>Leads others Home</i> ) . . . . .	HARRY H. SMALL.
Old Man, . . . . .	A. H. WHEELER.
Comedian, . . . . .	. BARRE JACK.
Walking Gents, . . . . .	FULLER AND A. D. STEVENS.
Heavy Lady, . . . . .	EDDIE PRIEST.
Leading Lady, . . . . .	WILLIE BROOKS.
Walking Ladies, . . . . .	{ BARNIE McDONALD AND LARRIE O'CONNELL.
Soubrette ( <i>Ladies' Maid</i> ), . . . . .	WILLIE ESTES.
Premier Danseuse . . . . .	JAMIE CHURCHILL.
Figurantes, . . . . .	{ CHESSIE ALBREE. JOHNNIE SETCHEL.
Coryphees, . . . . .	{ FRANKIE STEVENS. CHARLIE PHELPS. ELLIE HOWE.
Assoluta, . . . . .	EDDIE JOHNSON.

Supes, utility men, etc., remainder of the '84 men.



## Play of Julius Cæsar.

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The play "Julius Cæsar" was given in the chapel of the W. T. I. in November, 1883.

This play was written by Wm. Shakespeare, and is considered one of his best.

The plot is deep and the parts difficult, but that was of no consequence when such talent as that of '84 could be obtained.

The plot is this: Julius Cæsar is ambitious to obtain the crown, and thus become the greatest man in Rome. Cassius is opposed to this, because he firmly believes that "Pompey was the greatest man that ever was born," and is not willing that Cæsar should reach a higher plane than Pompey had occupied.

So Cassius forms a conspiracy to put Julius out of the way, and persuades Brutus, Casca and a few other old Roman sluggers to join him.

Their plans are made, and on the morning of the Ides of March Cæsar is stabbed in the neck (not with a black bottle) as he is going to the Senate.

Thus far the conspirators succeed, but they were not prepared for the anger of the people which followed. They were obliged to leave Rome suddenly; in fact, so suddenly they had no time to decide whether "Brutus' own arguments convinced Brutus" or whether "Cassius was wholly destitute of moral perceptions."

Octavius Cæsar now appears in Rome, and raises an army to avenge the death of J. Cæsar. He attacks the conspirators at Philippi, and defeats them. After this defeat the play ends like all tragedies, by each one shuffling off this mortal coil by dropping on his own sword.

The play is highly exciting, and, besides, was advantaged by being well performed, although the scenery and stage were poor. Its conduct was intrusted to a very efficient force of actors, among whom are to be selected for prominent mention, Harry H. Small as Cæsar, A. D. Stevens as Cassius, Willard Fuller as Brutus, W. F. Brooks as Portia and Geo. H. Cushing as Antony.

Cæsar appears but little. He is a small man, but when on the stage he fills it. He was ambitious (to make a good fall), so the others help out.



Casca stabs him in the back of the neck and Brutus strikes out from the shoulder, and Cæsar falls.

As to the merits of the fall, all that can be said about it is, that it was sudden.

Cæsar dies young, and, therefore, little can be said about him. The part of Cassius was given to A. D. Stevens, not because he had a lean and hungry look, although those that are acquainted with him know that he can hide taffy with the next man, but because he was the only man who could swallow four hundred lines.

The part of Brutus requires cheek, and this part was well taken. There was but one failure. When Cæsar asks his friends to come in and taste some wine with him, Brutus hesitates. It is a rare thing for Cæsar to shout, so when he does all ought to be ready. Perhaps it is against Brutus' principles to take wine; if so, the hesitation is explained.

Brooks would have made a good Portia if it was not for his mustache. The size of this made it almost impossible to imagine him a woman. He performed his rather difficult part very well, but he made a mistake in thinking his thigh was up under his arm, as one would suppose from his gesture.

Antony went through his part in great shape, but in his lament over the body of Cæsar, when he says: "Thou art the ruins of the noblest man that ever lived in the tide of times," a wink from the ruins nearly broke him up.

The other parts are of lesser importance, but some deserve mention. Casca got somewhat stage-struck at first. He trembled from his knees up to his cheeks, but he soon got over it, and did the heavy villain's part in the stabbing scene.

Trebonius does not have much to say, but his costume deserves mention. It consisted of a paper collar and a handkerchief. The handkerchief was bound about his head, and made him look as if he had been out with the boys and got a swelled head.

There was no difficulty in imagining Calphurnia a woman on account of a mustache, but the difficulty was that no Roman woman that Cæsar would choose for a wife would have had such a foot as Calphurnia's.

When Decius asks him, "Does not the sun rise here?" Casca answers "No" so emphatically that Decius asks in a stage whisper, "Where in h—ll does it rise, then?" This broke up Casca.

The conspirators, washing their hands in Cæsar's blood, had the best time during rehearsals. One of the best hits was the sooth-sayer's "Beware the Ides of March," said in such a sepulchral tone

that Cæsar's hair rose, and Smithy's lips moved as if he muttered a hasty prayer. In spite of these episodes the play, taken as a whole, was a success, and reproduced on any stage, in any city, would be sure to draw a big house.

J. C. S.

NOTE.— The engraving which accompanies this article was made from an instantaneous photograph of the stabbing scene.

At the left is seen the villainous Casca as he strikes the first blow. The look of fiendish malignity on his face is enough in itself to strike Cæsar dead; but as Cæsar's back was turned he escaped this dreadful peril only to fall under the less deadly dagger. Cæsar with his noble and commanding form stands between Casca and Cassius. No explanation is needed in his case; the picture speaks for itself. The figure on Cæsar's left is not an apparition, but is Cassius in the flesh. From the expression of his face, we can see at once how true was Cæsar's comment: "He thinks too much, . . . he reads much." His deep, thoughtful eye tells us this at a glance. But one word more as to the picture. Brutus, who stands in the foreground, represents the triumphs of the dramatic art. How plainly we see the terrible mental struggle that is racking the whole man as he is about to strike down his "best lover." From the troubled brow to the hesitating poise of his feet, we read the terrible contest between Friendship and Patriotism. A slight explanation in regard to Pompey's statue is perhaps needed. The statue was ordered for the play some time before, but, owing to the carelessness of the B. B. & G. express agent, it was mislaid, and only reached the stage just as the curtain rose upon the above scene. There was no time to unpack it, and so it was used as it appears in the engraving.



## Athletics.

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The history of the Tech. in connection with athletics is one fraught with many pleasant memories and well-earned victories, especially to the class of '84, whose records bid fair to stand as the goal to which her successors may with envy turn their aspiring hopes. The advantages enjoyed by the boys have been few, as far as any training is concerned. We regret to state that no steps have been taken to insure the permanent establishment of a gymnasium, where, during the few spare moments of each day, the boys could overcome the sluggishness we all have felt from too close an application to our books. I am sure the results in other institutions will uphold us in the statement, that the benefits derived from a gymnasium in connection with the school have been great. It is true that some may be drawn from their regular duties, but is it not also true that if the gymnasium did not, something else more harmful would occupy their time?

All teachers and trainers in athletics tell us that a very few moments of exercise each day are sufficient to keep the body in perfect physical condition. Look at the ball players of the college; they are the strongest and healthiest class among the students; and, as a rule, are above the average in their classes.

My intention, however, is not to dwell on the advantages of a physical training combined with mental, but is rather to give a short history of the athletics of the W. T. I. since the advent of the class of '84. That she has done nobly, considering the lack of time and the poor facilities, cannot be denied, and that '84 has had the lion's share is as true.

I have before me a well-kept record of the events in the base ball and field sports since our class first made its appearance.

The semi-annual Field Sports were inaugurated April 30, 1881, and have been held each fall and spring since then. The class of '84 was not, however, wholly in existence at that time, and this fact will account for the small number of prizes won on that day by her. Oct.



22, 1881, was a day of triumph for '84, as her then unknown champions took many a victory from the confident Seniors.

It was here that Fuller showed his speed in the 100 yards dash, beating seven contestants, and he has since reduced his time to 10 3-4 sec. He has also the best record in a standing broad, as well as high, jump without weights, viz.: 10 feet and 1 1-4 inches, and 4 feet and 3 inches. His record in the hurdle race has never been beaten. Cushing has invariably taken into camp all competitors in base-ball throwing, making a record of 351 feet and 6 inches, which has yet to be beaten. Albree's 8 feet and 2 inches high kick, Brooks' mile run, Priest's hammer throw of 74 feet and 8 inches, as well as his record in putting the shot, stand at the head. Out of sixty-eight events '84 has taken first place in thirty-seven, and second place in thirty-three.

The directors in their generosity offered five silver badges at the fall meet of '82. '84 was on hand, as she was looking for the afore-said, and retired after modestly taking four of them. Fuller perhaps was the most modest, he getting only three. I must not omit to speak of our tug of war team, which has never been pulled over the line. There will be one more field day, which will not be spoken of here, but we are all confident of success.

May, 1883, we kindly stayed out of all the sports in order to give the other classes a chance.

Base-ball being a game that requires much practice, we are fully satisfied that our success in that line has not been small. We have played in the neighborhood of twenty games, and have won more than half of them. That '84 has been necessary to the success of the national game is fully set forth in the fact that she has had from four to six men on the nine since first she came into existence. At present there are six of her members who fill the most important positions on the field. When '82 left us, every one considered that the cause was lost, but how quickly '84 adapted itself to circumstances and excelled all previous aspirants. We sincerely hope that the coming classes will furnish as good men as did '84 to fill the places to be vacant this year.



An '84 man's great high kick  
at 12 P.M



# Athletic Records.

The following list gives the individual record of each member of '84 who has ever taken a prize on Field Day. The numbers give the number of first and second prize badges received by each man. It must be borne in mind that in such events as the tug of war, each man on the winning team receives a first-prize badge.

Had it not been for Fuller's unfortunate accident he would undoubtedly have led in the whole number of prizes won, as well as in the number taken by his own individual efforts.

	1st.	2d.	Total.		1st.	2d.	Total.
C. B. ALBREE,	4	1	5	FULLER, -	10	1	11
J. ALBREE, JR.,	0	4	4	E. E. JOHNSON,	1	2	3
ALDRICH, -	1	2	3	KEITH, - -	0	1	1
ALEXANDER, -	1	0	1	PRIEST, -	10	2	12
ALLEN, - -	3	3	6	RICHARDSON,	0	1	1
BROOKS, -	4	2	6	SETCHEL, -	9	8	17
BRYANT, -	2	2	4	STEVENS, A. D.	5	7	12
CUSHING, -	4	1	5	THOMPSON, -	0	1	1
ETHEREGE, -	3	6	9	VAN VALKENBERG,	2	3	5
FISHER,	1	2	3	WHEELER, -	4	3	7

The following is a list of the best records up to date in the principal events. The running records are necessarily low on account of the roughness of the track.

100 YARDS DASH.—10 3-5 s.—W. FULLER, '84, Oct. 7, '82.

HURDLE RACE (120 yards, 10 Hurdles).—18 1-2 s.—L. HAWES, '82, May 26, '82; W. FULLER, '84, Oct. 7, '82; A. D. STEVENS, '84, Oct. 27, '83.

HALF-MILE RUN.—2.34.—W. C. BRYANT, '84, May 24, '84.

ONE MILE RUN.—5.50.—E. E. JOHNSON, '84, May 24, '84.

STANDING BROAD JUMP.—10 ft. 1 1-4 in.—W. FULLER, '84, Oct. 7, '82.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP.—18 ft. 3 in.—S. S. JORDAN, '82, May 26, '82.

STANDING HIGH JUMP.—4 ft. 4 in.—W. FULLER, '84, Oct. 7, '82.

RUNNING HIGH JUMP.—4 ft. 10 in.—L. HAWES, '82, J. C. SETCHEL, '84, May 26, '82.

HOP, STEP AND JUMP.—39 ft.—E. H. PINNEY, '86, May 24, '84.

HIGH KICK.—8 ft. 2 in.—C. B. ALBREE, '84, Oct. 7, '82.

POLE VAULT.—8 ft. 6 in.—J. BEALS, '85, May 24, '84.

PUTTING 16-LB. SHOT.—34 ft. 4 in.—E. D. PRIEST, '84, May 24, '84.

THROWING 16-LB. HAMMER.—74 ft. 8 in.—E. D. PRIEST, May 16, '83.

THROWING BASE BALL.—361 ft. 8 in.—S. S. JORDAN, '82, May 26, '82.

TUG OF WAR.—11 3-4.—'84 pulled '85, May 16, '83.



## Our New Principal.

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In presenting our experience with our new Principal, my intention is not to criticise or judge his mode of rule, but rather to give, as well as I can, an insight to his administration. How the Institute will flourish under his direction, will be seen hereafter. We have not been long enough under his supervision to be assured, with any degree of certainty, how he will succeed.

Although this article is dedicated to our new Principal, it may not be amiss to say a few words respecting our old one. Dr. C. O. Thompson was at the head of the school from the first year of its life to the year 1882. He is now Principal of the Rose Polytechnical Institute, in Terre Haute, Indiana. He is a man of liberal education and well fitted for success in his position. He needs no greater tribute than the Worcester Technical Institute; the high standing it has taken under his management is a monument to his ability and his exertions in behalf of the school. We all wish him success.

Dr. Homer T. Fuller, our new Principal, graduated by his own exertions and self-help, from Dartmouth College, in 1864. He was, previous to his acceptance of the position of Principal of the Tech., the head of an academy for small boys and girls, in St. Johnsbury, Vermont. He came to us loaded with the best of recommendations, and by the aid of a certain trustee, who has a great fancy for stock breeding, was elected to fill the vacant chair of Principal, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Lithology, Iron and Steel, and Geology.

Before assuming the active duties of Principal, Dr. Fuller obtained leave of absence to visit Germany and Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, in the pursuit of knowledge. During his travels he discovered many curiosities, among which was a process of making finished iron without reheating muck bars, and a new process for making mushet steel. Owing to sickness while in Russia, he was deprived of the advantages of a course of Chemistry and now confines himself to Roscoe.

Candor compels me, although I hesitate in doing so, to confess that the students are not in entire sympathy with our new Principal in his efforts to enforce academy rules. They seem to feel that they are more than children and should not therefore be treated as children.

The lower classes cannot see the reason for departing from the established custom of leaving chapel as soon as they can. Nor can the Seniors explain why they should be called upon to pay the expenses of an explosion in the chemical lecture room. They are living in constant fear of being compelled to pay for the plaster and ointment necessary to repair the damages done to somebody's physiognomy by such an accident. I do not think it becoming for an instructor to play the part of spy on the actions of those under him.

—"It appears, by manifest proceeding, that indirectly, and directly too," the habits of some of the students have been subjected to the scrutiny of the Faculty under the direction of the Principal.

It is customary, I believe, when calling on a friend or stranger to leave one's name if the person called upon is not at home. When word is left that the caller's name had better not be known, it points very directly to the fact that some underhand work is going on. If one wishes to call "incognito" he had better disguise himself completely.

I hope I may be pardoned if I wander from my definite heading and come down, or perhaps ascend, to generalizing. It would not become me to assume the role of judge in speaking of the school and its government, and I hope I may make myself understood even by the most far-sighted. I might say in the beginning, lest there should be some misunderstanding, that I do not take the standpoint of a student, but of one who has had the advantages of a course of instruction in this school, and thereby has been able to form an opinion from close relationship with the methods of the school.

In the first place, the school needs money. There is a sad lacking of funds necessary to put the school in such a condition that the young men who are really able to succeed in the school may receive superior instruction. The Institute is indebted almost wholly to one or two generous individuals for its present standing. Why do not others give? There are plenty of men who would give from their abundance if it were not for one or two reasons.

The board of trustees should be composed of men who are able to see just what is needed for the advancement of the students in the courses which they select. I think most of the student's work should be concentrated upon his own special studies. There are many instances in which the time might be used to greater advantage than at present.

Perhaps it only happened so, but it is a fact that, until recently, the Faculty, with one or two exceptions, has been composed of men who were followers of one of the trustees. There has been a division

lately and we hope for good results. The Faculty should be composed of wide-awake men, who are ready to adopt any change for the advancement of the interests of the Institute and who are willing to exert themselves to keep up with the times. I do not mean that all the Faculty are deficient in these respects, but there are some who might be a little more active in their respective branches.

To conclude, I wish to awaken the interest, if possible, of the alumni to the fact that it lies in their power to bring up to a higher point the standard of the school. Let each, who can trace to the Institute any part of his success in life, exert himself to the utmost to make the school better for those yet to come under its influence.



*Grinding out Dank's Mechanical  
Squirrel-cage Puddling Theory*



## Greeting.

---

Whene'er our Principal we meet  
In school, in church or on the street,  
A loud "*Good morning!*" first we hear,  
And then falls on the startled ear,  
In tones which near approach a yell,  
The well-known greeting — "*Are you well?*"

No matter where or when or who,  
To students' friends and ladies, too,  
From his lips greeting never fell  
Save this : "*Good morning ; are you well ?*"

And I am sure, when this life is o'er,  
We meet upon another shore,  
Those clarion tones through heaven will swell —  
"Good morning, S \* \* \* \* s ; are you well ?"

# A Student's Dream.

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

## *Dramatis Personæ.*

EPIE, a pedagogue.

WILLUM, a student, } leaders in the conspiracy.  
BILLY, a student, }

ODDIE, a student.

JOHNSE, a student.

BARRY, a student.

DAN, a student.

JOHN, a janitor.

BALDY, a supe to Epie.

Other students, committees, president and secretary of class, etc.

## ACT I.

*Scene 1.*— Worcester, in front of the Tech.— Students in great uproar, having a general jollification.

[Enter John, with wheelbarrow and shovel.]

*John.* Hey! What do yez mane by all this noise?  
Can't be that Epie's laved yez go scot free?  
Spake, young man, why are yez here?

*Johnse.* To shout,  
And drive old Homer wild, and get expelled.

*John.* O, quit yer guff! Why are yez not in school?  
You, feller, spake.

*Dan.* I'm only with the crowd.

*John.* Holy smoke! Does any yez know why yez  
Are here?

*Oddie.* Nay, be not wrathy, John, I pray,  
Or we will run you off the hill d— q—.

*John.* What, run me off the hill? Just try it once  
And I will use you to enrich the land,  
And start the grass on yonder blackened spot.\*

*Oddie.* Well, John, forsooth, old Epie's gone to preach  
The virtues of some country buck who's dead,  
While we, betimes, make merry here

\* This refers to the site of the great bonfire of the Seniors, the preceding New Year's eve where the wood used was generously given (?) by the Faculty.

And only wish for lager beer —

*All.* What, beer? Come, let us haste away  
To celebrate this happy day.

Come, John.

[Exeunt all.]

*Scene 2.*— Worcester, Agricultural Park. — Barnum's tent in the back-ground.

[Enter Epie with Baldy, clad for a race. Both in disguise.]

*Epie.* Say, Baldy.

*Baldy.* Here am I, my lord.

*Epie.*

Ha, ha!

For once we've burst scholastic chains apart.  
And since we've neatly sold the boys, why, let's  
Enjoy ourselves as we were boys again.  
Against the Zulus you must match your speed,  
And, Baldy, you must win; my all's at stake;  
I've bet without a hedge upon this race  
With Homer, Tenny, Johnnie and M. P.\*

*Baldy.* Indeed, my lord, I'll do the best I can;  
When Epie says do this, it is performed.

*Epie.* But here's the tent, we'll enter now; be strong.

[Enter, cautiously, Billy and Willum.]

*Billy.* I'll bet my hat against your boots, I know  
Those men.

*Willum.* Forsooth, I thought I recognized  
The shape the elder wore, at least the mouth,  
But Epie's gone to plant a man, you know.

*Billy.* Doubt the beaver lives in mud,  
Doubt yon tiger howls for blood,  
Doubt yon driver's sleepy;  
Doubt the wild bull chews his cud,  
Doubt that springtime starts the bud,  
But doubt not that was Epie.

*Willum.* But who's the clown that shamefaced walked beside?

*Billy.* Knowst not Epie's supe?

*Willum.*

Not Baldy, sure!

And yet that pensive smile and sweet mustache  
Were like a voice of bygone times to me.  
What means this strange deceit they've played on us?

*Billy.* For near three years I've studied at the Tech.,

\* Epie's associate pedagogues.



For near three years submitted to the rule  
Of Epie, Baldy and the rest of them,  
And never thought but honesty was strong  
To guide the Faculty ; but coming hence,  
One called to me, and spake of things so foul,  
My blood ran cold for very shame. He said  
(And showed me strongest proof) that Baldy was  
The famed "unknown," who'd dared to enter for  
A race with Zulus in the circus here.

*Willum.* What, Baldy, so disgrace the staid old Tech. !

*Billy.* Now, Willum, listen unto me. I can  
Not bear to think this thing is true, not now ;  
Yet, true it is, and from this foul disgrace  
Our Alma Mater must be purified.

[Howls of derision from the tent.]

Those howls are not the sort that fall upon  
The ear of brave and graceful athletes,  
But howls of scorn. Now mark my word, the race  
Has gone against the Profs., and Baldy's left.

[Howling again.]

Those howls do cut me to the quick. O Will,  
How surely this disgraceful thing explains  
The spirit that's been grinding us so long.

[Enter Epie and Baldy.]

But look you, see the vanquished pair  
Slink off mid hoots and jeers, disgraced.  
Now listen, Willum : on the Boulevard  
There stands a cider mill, well known unto  
The boys, yet hidden from the public's eye.  
There will we meet and solemn council hold  
How best we may avenge this deed of shame.  
To-morrow, when the T-square we should wield  
We'll cut and thence with others haste away.

*Willum.* Agreed ; we'll notify the boys of this.  
But now the sun descends the western steep  
And we must part. Adieu.

[Exeunt.]

---

ACT II.

*Scene 1.*—Cider mill on Boulevard. [Enter Willum.]

*Willum.* He must resign, and for my part, although  
Old Epie's always been a friend to me,

Yet now, had I the wretch at my right hand  
I'd — I'd sink him deep in cider.  
And yet my better part rebels at thoughts  
Of what may be the outcome of this day —  
Already come the faction to the place  
Agreed. O Epie! could you see this crowd  
And know for what they hasten so this way,  
Methinks your swarthy skin would quickly pale.  
Now, Friendship, peace! and Duty, do your work!

[Enter in silence Techs led by Billy.]

Good morrow, Billy; you are come on time,  
And, true to given word, have brought with you  
A goodly number, men who best can deal  
With what's in hand. You're welcome all, good friends.  
Know they the cause that brings us here?

*Billy.* O, yes;

And each and every one doth feel alike  
The need of quick retaliation for  
The deed that late hath soiled the honor fair  
Of Worcester's pride, the staid old Tech.

*Barry.* But show

The way, and we will follow to a man,  
Content if only Willum leads us on.

*Billy.* Well, here's the plan: — To-morrow at the stroke  
Of four, we gather in the chapel to  
Rehearse the stabbing of great Julius Cæsar.  
When Casca strikes, let that the signal be  
For one and all on Epie there to light.  
Then out the chapel door he'll quickly go,  
And to the office run for aid to quell  
The row. Then three of our best men will go  
To lay our case before the Faculty.  
Their charges made, they will at once demand  
That Epie be immediately bounced.  
Old Epie is not liked by all the Profs,  
And that dislike will help our cause along.  
The rest we'll leave to chance.

*Johnse.* Thus far 'tis well,

But Baldy is no whit the better man,  
And should we grant to him more mercy than  
To Epie?

*Oddie.* No, let Baldy suffer, too.

*Willum.* What harm in tail when venom'd snake is dead?  
Let's think no more of Baldy; he is weak.

*Billy.* Now let us take a solemn oath.

*Willum.* No, not a swear.  
If not the sufferance of our times and cider,  
Drawn through an oaten straw, be bond enough,  
Then leave th' attempt ere we have yet begun.  
The quality of cider is not strained  
Through rags. It percolates the diaphragm  
As dew is wafted downward from the sky —  
It pleaseth him that gives and him that takes.  
'Tis mightiest in the Senior; it becomes  
Him better than his plug and banger large;  
His banger shows the force of bone and brawn,  
The attributes to awe and majesty  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of Techs.  
But cider is above this brutal show;  
It is enthronéd in the hearts of kegs.  
Therefore, Bill, though swearing be thy plea,  
Remember this, that cider binds an oath  
As fast as all the swearing you can do.  
Come, take a drink on me.

[All suck. Dan emerges in a strangling condition, clinging to a rubber hose, while cider streams from his mouth, nose and ears, and his whole person is dripping.]

*Oddie.* Why, Dan, what's up?

*Dan.* There's nothing up, but too much has gone down.  
For once I have my fill; before this time  
I would not have believed that I, great Dan,  
By cider could be vanquished; now I see  
Why Midas tired of gold; too much, you know,  
Is worse than none. My thirst outran a straw,  
And, spying near a rubber hose, an inch  
In bore, I thought, "For once I'll get enough,"  
And straightway 'gan to draw. Alas! a sea  
Came forth to meet and overwhelm me quite.

[All laugh.]

*Johnse.* Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Another gag on Dan.

*Dan.* Indeed, a gag it was.

*Billy.* Now, friends, let's go.  
Our drawing time draws to a close, and soon  
The roll old Homer T. will call, and tell



Us what he doesn't know of Chemistry.  
Let each until th' appointed time demean  
Himself as he is wont; in patience wait  
And soon we'll settle all.

[Exeunt all.]

---

*Scene 2.* — Tech. In Chapel.

[Epie enters and paces hurriedly to and fro.]

*Epie.* I know not why a dream should haunt me so,  
But sure I feel impending harm and ruin.  
Last night a goblin came in dreams to me  
And, leering in my face, laughed loud and shrill  
In fiendish glee. "O, Epie, you are doomed.  
Before the year is done you'll be disgraced  
And wander o'er the earth without a home."  
And then with laugh more keen and terrible  
He spat at me and quick was gone from sight.  
O, Heavens! I hear that laughter yet and shrink  
From what's before. Could I but pierce the veil  
That hangs athwart my path. — I must be calm.

[Enter Seniors in dramatic attire.]

Good morning, all. Let's get to work at once.

[The students proceed to act the play of Julius Cæsar to the assassination scene. Cacsá strikes and all at once all rush upon Epie.]

*Epie.* Ye gods! Stand back or you will rue the day.

*Billy.* No mercy to the scoundrel. Put him out.

[Epie struggles, but finally turns and rushes out. He is soon followed by Barney, Larry and Jim, who are the committee to wait upon the Faculty. Willum goes upon the stage.]

*Willum.* Friends, Seniors and Sojourners, hear me and rejoice. We have taken our first steps for freedom and old Epie is vanquished for the nonce.

*Seniors.* Yes, and we will follow it up.

*Willum.* He has, doubtlessly, gone to the office for succor; thence our men also have gone. I do not need to rehearse to your familiar ears the wrongs we have endured for years. Be steadfast in our cause; the battle's but begun; soon may we expect a messenger from the Faculty; hear him, I pray, in peace. Who's here so weak that's willing more to suffer? Who's here so rank that would take Epie's part? Who's here so vile that would not do his duty?

*Seniors.* None, Willum, none.

*Willum.* Then none have we to fear. Now Baldy comes. Be quiet while he speaks, and offer unto him all courtesy.

[Re-enter committee with Baldy.]

*Dan.* Go up, go up, sweet Baldy, we would hear You speak.

*Baldy.* I come to represent the Profs. [Goes up.]

*Barry.* What's that he said about the Profs just then?

*Johnse.* He says he represents the Profs.

*Barry.*

A gag

Upon the Profs, for sure. Be still, he speaks.

*Baldy.* Friends, students, Seniors, lend me your ears.  
I come to praise old Epie; not because  
I chose the task myself, but hither sent  
By powers I must obey at any cost.

*Oddie.* Oh, hear the supe.

*Johnse.*

Present the supe bouquets.

[Hands up a cabbage.]

*Baldy.* Old Epie's been to me a friend most staunch,  
While yet a Tech. within these granite walls  
I oft had cause to thank him for his aid.

*Oddie.* I sicken at this talk.

*Johnse.*

Accept this fruit.

[Passes up a few aged eggs.]

*Baldy.* He has instructed you in Dutch, done all  
He could for your best good, and now you call  
For his dismissal from the Tech. at once.  
O, Justice, broken are thy scales apart;  
O, Judgment, thou hast left thy wonted halls,—  
Forbear with me, my heart is in the office  
Where Epie sits alone disconsolate,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

*Dan.* Egad! methinks his eloquence would move  
A crocodile to tears. 'Twould me, but I'm  
Inclined to laugh and jeer the supe to shame.

*Johnse.* Another token of our deep regard.

[Hands up a sponge filled with ink.]

*Baldy.* Though scorned and hated as I seem to be,  
I still maintain my ground. No man of all  
The Faculty can get the work from you  
That he has always done. No Tech., as yet,  
But thinks the most of hours he's spent in hopes  
To master Epie's task, neglecting more

Important lessons grinding out the English.

*Oddie.* O, gracious! that will do. Now, Baldy, get.

*Johnse.* Again our love is manifest.

[Passes up a miscellaneous collection of missiles.]

*Baldy.* (Aside.) The fuse is laid; perhaps another year  
Will find the supe aloft in Epie's place.

*Oddie.* Go; tell the Faculty we'll not accept  
A compromise, but Epie straight must go.

[Baldy makes a break for the door, and reaches it after some buffet-  
ing.]

[Exeunt all.]

ACT III.

*Scene 1.* — Seniors in executive session.

*Secretary.* A letter has been handed me to-day  
Concerning Epie and our case with him.

I'll read and then the class may judge of it.

[Reads.]

"Seniors: The Trustees, after a careful examination of Epie's case, have taken the following action:—Be it resolved, that the Senior class be reprimanded for its treatment of Professors Epie and Baldy in the chapel, —that Professors Epie and Baldy, in consequence of their recent disgraceful conduct, be dismissed from the Worcester Free In——."

[All begin to shout and cheer, and the wildest confusion prevails.

The President finally restores order.]

*Billy.* Hurrah! —rah! Mr. President, I move ——

*All.* Mr. President!

*President.* We must have order.

Now Billy has the floor to make a motion.

*Billy.* I move the class be taxed one dollar each,  
And that to-night we have a rousing fire  
In honor of our victory.

*All.*

Second

The motion.

[The motion is carried unanimously and the meeting adjourns *sine die* — all rush out.]

*Scene 2.* — In front of Tech, midnight of same day.

[A large fire is rolling up its smoke and flames skyward, while the students dance round it, blowing horns and cheering. Some are on the tower striking the bell, while others are firing a cannon on the steps. The din continues long after the curtain drops, as there is a little difficulty with some under-graduates.]

FINIS.



## A Fragment.

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The following article was unfortunately damaged by being set on fire by cigar ashes while it was lying on the editorial table, before it had been examined. But as we did not know either the title of the article or the name of the author, we could not supply the missing portions. We present the remains of the article, merely suggesting that it appears to have related in some manner to the Faculty. [Eds.]

. . . . trust that none of the individuals will take these facts, for facts they are . . . . Principal Homer T. Fuller . . . . Green Mountain region . . . . guardian over infant . . . . solicitous of our physical welfare . . . . proper food and tonics . . . . three pints . . . . stick in it . . . . The idea . . . . professor . . . . in Chemistry . . . . Dr. Kinnicut . . . . as an assistant . . . . ludicrous . . . . upright and easy-going . . . . missed his mark . . . . George I. Al . . . . "King of Mechanics" . . . . jovial man . . . . recitations he . . . . most of the work . . . . examinations . . . . none . . . . sorrow . . . . calls first . . . . Setchel . . . . left . . . . inventive mind . . . . engine . . . . hydraulic valves . . . . worked . . . . accumulator . . . . back yard . . . . pet problems . . . . grindstone.

. . . . Smith . . . . *Smithy* . . . . excellent teacher . . . . terror . . . . boys . . . . feature . . . .

"Here lies the body of Robert Gordon,  
Mouth almighty, and teeth accordin'.  
Stranger, tread lightly o'er this wonder;  
If he opens his mouth you're gone, by thunder."

. . . . Sinclair . . . . laziest . . . . greatest kicker . . . . Faculty meetings . . . . objects . . . . smoking . . . . ratchet drill . . . . make a fortune . . . . fine teacher . . . . our class . . . . sixty-three per cent in Calculus.

"T. E. N. E." . . . . pool player . . . . quick tempered . . . . fast subduing . . . . scrape with the boys . . . . more popular since.

Kimball . . . . favorite . . . . all . . . . attempted . . . .  
teach German.

"M. P." . . . . more moral perception . . . . commercial  
ability . . . . shop . . . . behind . . . . income . . . .  
brother O. M. . . . . guardian and adviser of M. P.

George E. . . . "Free Hand George" . . . nervous . . . boys  
like him . . . . "converge! converge!" . . . . most studious  
sketching . . . . classes . . . . pitch pennies . . . . circus  
. . . . ball . . . . pleasant. U. Waldo Cutler . . . . "Baldy  
the scout" . . . . bald head . . . . scouting . . . . Smith's  
satellite . . . . engaged . . . . how . . . . bashful . . . .  
girls . . . . mystery.

Dr. Kinnicut . . . . Assistant (?) in Chemistry . . . . ex-  
tremely nervous . . . . much liked . . . . more Chemistry  
. . . . Dr. Fuller . . . . succumbed . . . . matrimony  
. . . . engaged . . . . shining light.

John . . . . Janitor . . . . member . . . Faculty . . . .  
good workman . . . . friend of boys . . . . '84 . . . . "three  
cheers for John Hurley."

---

## E. P. S.

No need has S—— for giant strength,  
Or murderous devices;  
To kill one at ten fathoms' length,  
His glance alone suffices.





# The Death and Cremation of Wm. Chauvenet.

---

Wm. Chauvenet, A. M., was born to the Class of '84 Tuesday, Aug. 30, 1881, and died suddenly June 16th, 1882. We cannot stop to discuss the question "whether his death was justifiable from a moral point of view," as it is all-sufficient for us that he had inflicted upon the class unexampled cruelty and had caused great havoc in our ranks. It was therefore meet that he should die.

Accordingly about 8 o'clock on the evening of June 16th there gathered at the class headquarters on Dix Street about 40 classmates, all sternly resolved to rid themselves of the tyrant to whom they had been subjected for the past nine months. Various efficient committees had perfected all the arrangements for the solemn event which was about to take place. Each man is clad in a black cambric gown with skull and cross-bones painted on the breast, and wears a cap of the same material, having a visor which covers the face with eye-holes through which he glances defiantly at the assembled multitudes. First comes the marshal wielding his baton of authority, with which he directs the movements of the drum corps. These are followed by the "Head Thumpers" under the leadership of a "Head of Head Thumpers." Next come the "High Privates" and "Gag Bearers," followed by the "Strangler" and the "Fire Bug." With slow and measured paces follow the six pall-bearers, bearing aloft the condemned man sitting astride his coffin. He is dressed in a most appropriate manner and his face shows plainly the mental struggle he has lately undergone. The criminal has a body guard of the mightiest men of '84. Lastly come the "Antiques" and "Horribles," and the "Take-Offs" bringing up the rear. As we pass out we are reviewed by the Seniors, who then fall in behind us. We pass down Dix Street into Goulding, when suddenly

"The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,  
They are all afire, and every one doth shine."

Halting, we learn that a falling spark had caused the pyrotechnist of the Senior class to give us an impromptu display. The poor man

was filled with grief when he thought of the fair ones he would be obliged to disappoint, and exclaimed in accents wild, "It's (H)all over!" The line of march was continued through Boynton and Highland Streets, and at the corner of Harvard we received a beautiful floral tribute from our lady sympathizers. We passed through Harvard, Chestnut, William, West and Pleasant Streets to Main. Down Main Street we marched in solemn array, and before the "Hub" we halted to partake of the lemonade generously provided by the proprietors. During the entire evening our "fire bug" flitted back and forth, illuminating our line of march with many colored lights. Through Main we passed to Highland, and up Highland toward Newton Hill. At the corner of Agricultural Street a slightly troublesome spirit was manifested on the part of some of the Middlers and Preps. It lasted only for a moment, for no sooner had they appeared than all those who were able were seen disappearing, hotly pursued. Our marshal wielded his baton with telling effect, as also did the "head thumper" his "wand." Two unfortunate Middlers were captured, and some were questioning whether we should give Billy Mo(o)re, when our secretary, in a masterly manner, rendered that divine plea for mercy, commencing:—

"The quality of mercy is not strained.  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath."

It had the desired effect, and the captives were liberated. There were strange rumors afloat about a broken nose, blank cartridges, clubs and pistols, but the next morning the members of the Middle and Prep. classes exhibited such a retiring disposition that we could never get at the exact facts. Resuming our march we soon reached the top of Newton Hill, and immediately proceeded with the exercises of the evening. The music (?) was furnished by the "Blow Hards" of '82, and an admirable oration was delivered by one of the members of that class. Following this came the impartial trial of the criminal, and as the judge rose to deliver the sentence, an intense interest was depicted on the faces of all present. With a firm voice the judge pronounced the sentence, "That William Chanvenet is found guilty of the charges brought against him, and that he be hanged by the neck until dead, and his body cremated." The scaffold is raised, "Kid," the executioner, performs his duty, and the class is free. His body is lowered and examined by "Stein," the doctor, who pronounces him dead. He is placed in his coffin—

"And soon the flames from Freedom's height  
Consumed old William on his pyre."

The ceremony over, we made our way to the foot of the hill, and then repaired to the Bay State House, where we found a bountiful supper awaiting us. And supper over, we joined with right good will in singing the words composed by our poet for the occasion:—

“They did not stop for Mid. or Prep.,  
But steadfast on their way they kept,  
And guarded well that ancient form  
From howling Mick a countless swarm.”

---

### J. E. S.

The smartest Prof. at the Hall  
Is the laziest one of them all.  
He'll sit in his chair,  
And wear off his hair  
By leaning his head 'gainst the wall.

---

### H. T. F.

There is a new Prof. who wears glasses,  
Whose manner all record surpasses.  
Through the halls he will sneak,  
With a smile bland and meek;  
He has the contempt of all classes.

---

### T. E. N. E.

There's a Prof. at the Technical School,  
Who once with the students played pool.  
He won every game,  
And then paid for the same,—  
A rather queer way to play pool!

---

### SMOKING.

Though his spite 'gainst tobacco is furious,  
His logic is certainly curious:  
While a professor may  
Use the weed every day,  
To a student 'tis highly injurious.



## Straight Line Engine.

---

*Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?*

---

Speaking strictly as to the text, the Straight Line Engine was invented by Sweet of Syracuse, New York.

The sources of the plot for this great and glorious work were mostly of his own invention, although a few were abridged; but these few were taken from the most trustworthy authority in the world.

There is one, taken from Rankine just before his death, which is very simple, yet of great importance to the building of this engine; that is, of having the piston reciprocate on a horizontal line with the horizon, and at the same time make equal angles with the vertical at the zero point of the cut-off.

The name of this engine is very significant. It signifies a good many things, for there is no reason why it should not.

It signifies to the noble mechanical engineer something sublime and angelic concerning external forces, and the internal strains of the frame of the engine.

The time of inventing the engine, and this fact should be borne in mind by all honest men, is not known; but we infer it was between 1802 and 1884. The most reliable statements on this subject are obtained from Collins' first edition of Smith's Notes on Shakespeare's plays.

After it was decided by the class to build this engine, M. P. was directed to get the castings, which he did with usual promptness.

After the castings had arrived, war was declared by the dirty mechanics, and we divided ourselves into squads in order to carry on a successful campaign; but Mr. E——n said we'd take her rough and tumble each man for himself; so nothing discouraged, we, like noble Brutus after crying "Havoc! let slip the dogs of war," sailed in.

The castings were made from a good quality of cast-iron containing but little of the  $\text{SiO}_2$ , but it was noticed by Mr. E——n that considerable  $\text{Cl}_2$   $\text{D}_3$   $\text{ER}_6$  was taken up by the nascent mechanics.

At last, after many flunks, fizzles and flushes, we began to set the engine up. This point in the making of an engine is very important; for unless she is well "set up" (!) she will not run well.

The engine was placed on a movable foundation which served two purposes; first, it held up the engine, and second, it served as a loafing place for the lazy mechanics; for sitting on the engine was helping "setting her up."

After every thing was in readiness for the steam, a notice was given to M. P. of the fact.

First he made arrangements for supplying us with steam by means of a gas pipe; but this did not work on account of wire drawing, so much wire having collected that the exhaust was completely closed up.

So after connecting with another pipe we let on steam. That is as much as we could get from Georgie. The class conjurer now took a whole pack of cards, including a joker, from the engine. These cards were very satisfactory, so Mr. E——n informed us; but that gentleman also informed us that he needed a few of the class at the other end of the shop. So we tore ourselves away.

In conclusion we would say, in behalf of the W. M. S., that the engine is now for sale. It is needless to add that this will probably be the case for several years to come.



## The Tech. Alphabet.

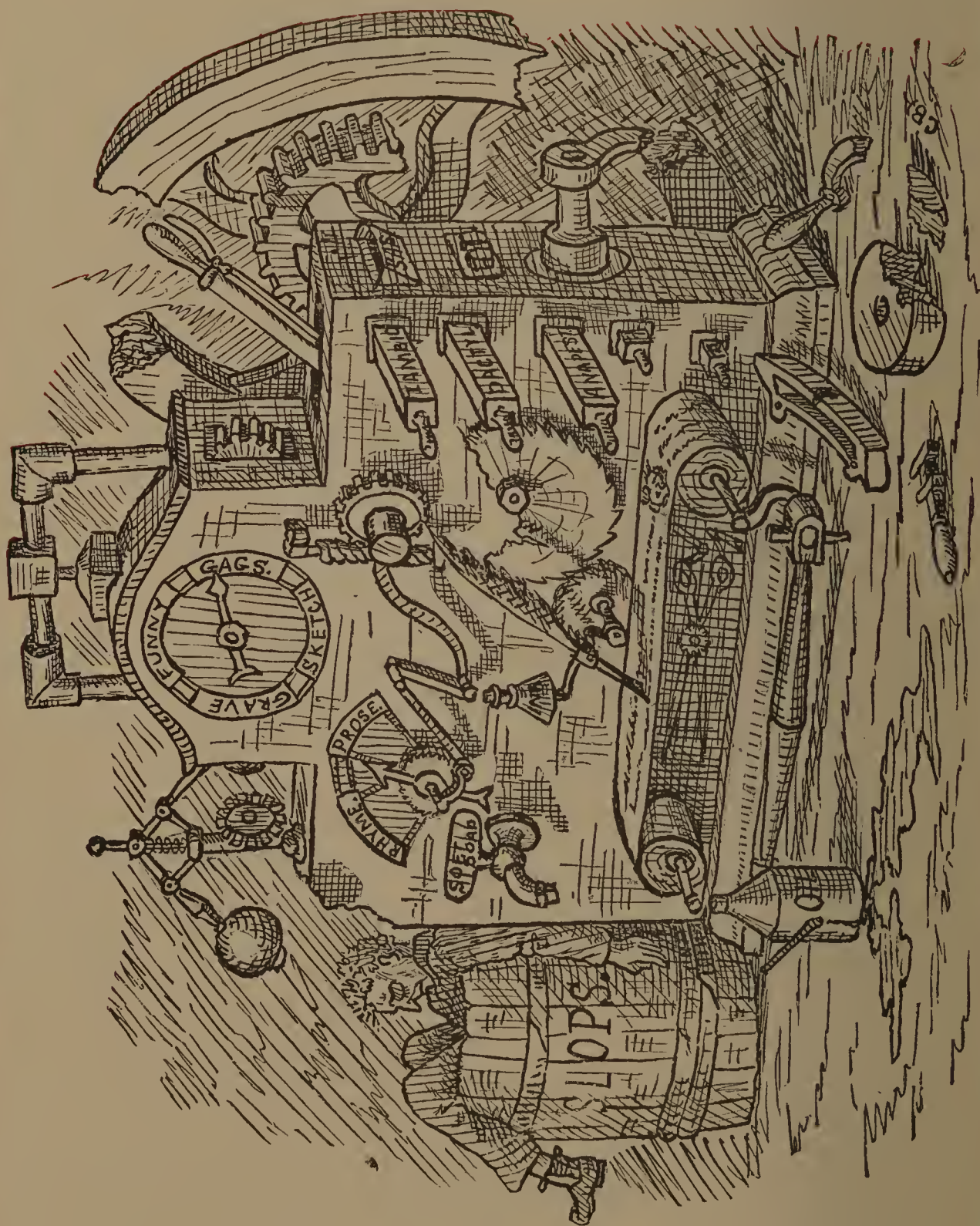
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A stands for Antenna, whose mission's completed  
If scenes at the Tech. to our minds are repeated.  
B stands for the "Bummers," whose games to detect,  
Their rooms on the sly the old "Doc" doth inspect.  
C stands for the "Cribbing," which may not be right,  
But is often quite useful when not brought to light.  
D stands for the "Dudes," from which we'd be free,  
If it wasn't for '85's asinine three.  
E stands for Emerson, boss of the shop;  
To give us instruction he never will stop.  
F stands for the Fees so unjustly imposed  
To keep Dr. K. in cig'rettes, it's supposed.  
G stands for Gladdy, who ever doth urge  
That parallel lines should always converge.  
H stands for Heald, our member from Barre,  
Whose brains seem too much for his shoulders to carry.  
I stands for Inertia, whose moment to find  
Has proved to us Seniors a h-l of a grind.  
J is for "Johnny," the "Lowell wrench" man,  
Who sits on athletics whenever he can.  
K stands for Kinnicut, in whose domain  
The chemists from stealing can never refrain.  
L stands for Loafing, the Senior's best hold,  
For the day he can't loaf it's exceedingly cold.  
M stands for the "Middlers," whose class-roll includes  
Stiles, Prindle and Brown, the technical dudes.  
N the New Year's, when our bonfire was lighted;  
On account of the wood Dr. F. got excited.



O stands for O'Connell, of more brains he's in need,  
 And by George I.'s advice on fish he will feed.  
 P stands for the Prep, so on bloodshed intent,  
 Whose duel at midnight a ghost did prevent.  
 Q stands for the Quiet which naught doth disturb,  
 Save the Senior Mechanics, whom Homer can't curb.  
 R stands for the Racket on which the boys go  
 When they run down to Boston, on business, you know.  
 S is for Smith, may his soul rest in peace,  
 For the love (?) that we bear him will never increase.  
 T is for "Tene," the pruner so slim,  
 Whose *angular* hook doth the Junior Class trim.  
 U stands for Uriel, known all about  
 In technical circles as "*Baldy, the scout.*"  
 V is for Van, the Tug of War's hope,  
 For victory's certain when he's on the rope.  
 W's the wood which the Seniors purloined,  
 Prompt payment for which "*private parties*" enjoined.  
 X stands for our shop superintendent alone,  
 And the spelling is right, for his value's unknown.  
 Y is the yell of the Technical boys  
 When they're bent on producing a h-l of a noise.  
 Z is for Z——[Here the editorial poetry machine broke down  
 from the excessive strain of its last effort, and we are obliged to make  
 our bow, leaving our readers to fill out the last lines for themselves.]





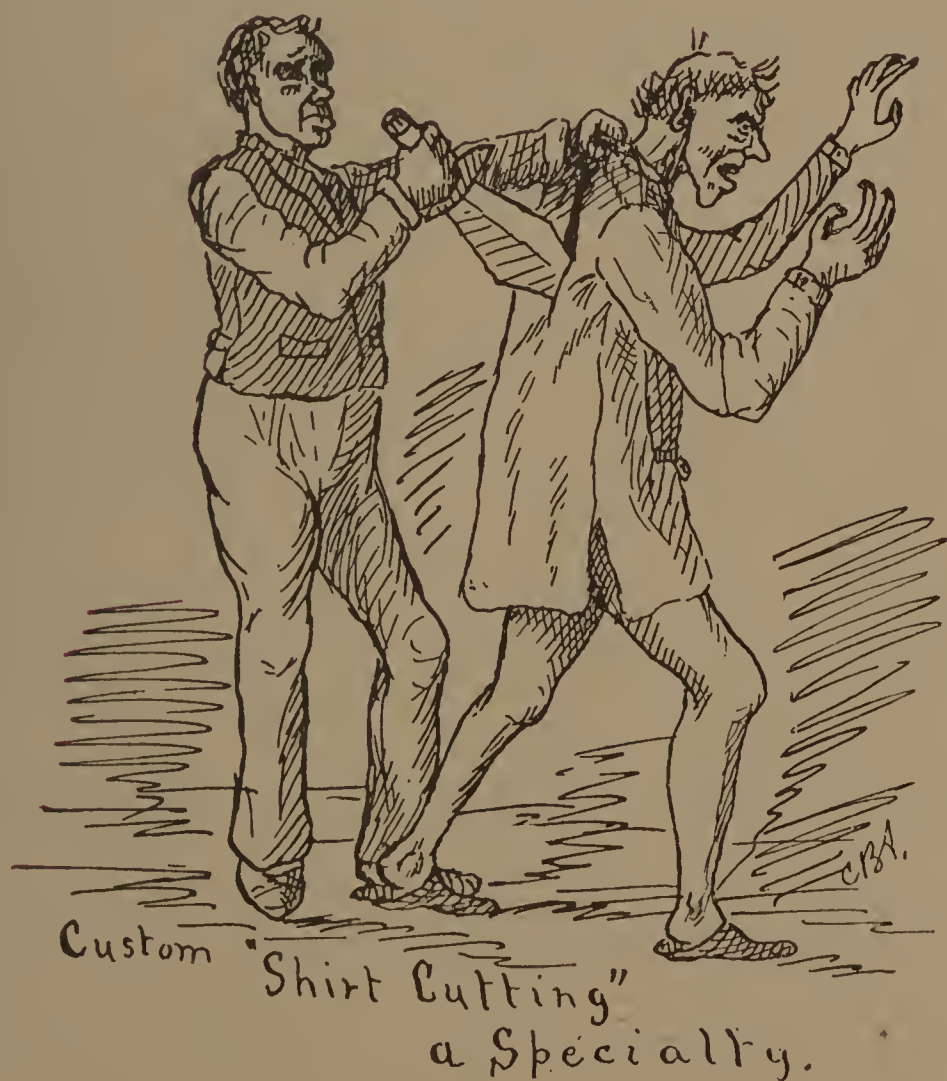
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*Coit.* "The coffee is very difficult."

*Schneider,* to Van. "Wie befindet sie sich Ihre Frau Mutter?"

*Van.* "How's your *Máma*?"

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*Prof. Kimball.* (Illustrating the blind spot in the eye.) "There, now, I can see Aldrich plainly, but I can't see anything of Brooks but his feet; he hasn't any head."

*Prof. Eaton.* (Demonstrating.) "Therefore, since neither B. M. N. nor L. R. S. will satisfy the conditions, it must be P. D. Q."

*Prof. Eaton.* "Let  $X=a$  Variable. Ch——l, what is a Variable?"  
*Ch——l.* "X!!"

*Prof. Sinclair.* (Lecturing on surfaces of revolution.) "Fisher, how would you generate an egg?"

*Fisher.* "Why, I'd take an old rooster and a pair of hens."



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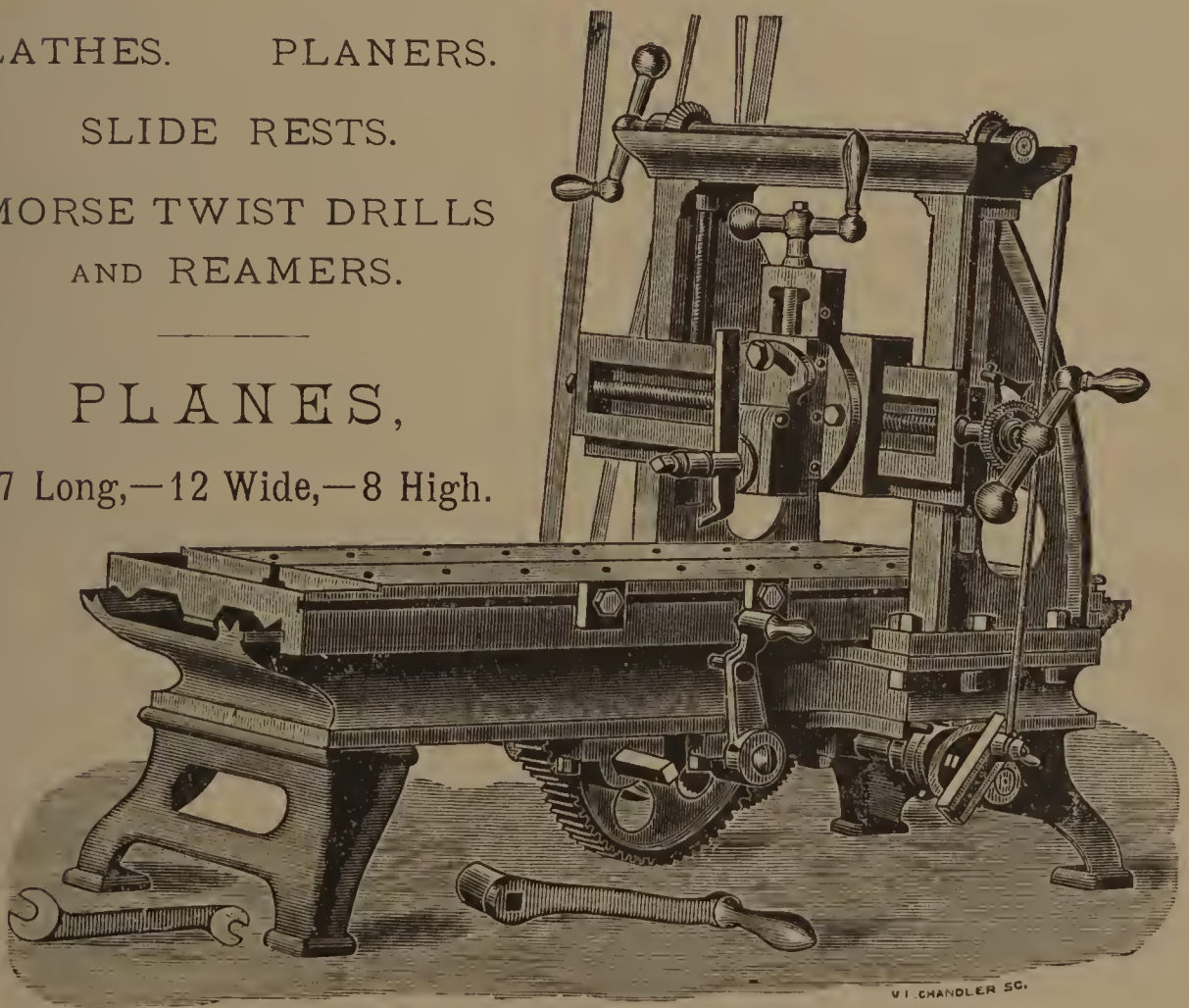
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